A POAST WITH A PACQUET OF LETTERS.

Nicholas Breton.

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To the Right Worſhipful

MAXIMILIAN DALLISON

Of *Hawlin* in the County of *Kent* Eſq;

NICHOLAS BRETON wiſheth the happineſs of this World, and Heaven hereafter.

I Find in *Latine*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh* Books, of Epiſtles dedicated to Men of good account, as well for their Places, as Spirits; but withal, I muſt confeſs the Authors of thoſe Writings to have been men of thoſe Judgments, that have ſet down matters worthy of regard. Now for my ſelf, though I cannot ſtand in the rank of thoſe rare Wits, yet noting in your Judgment that true nobleneſs of Spirit, that by regard of your good

favour, may grace the Works of an unworthy hope, and preſuming (upon the knowledge of your diſcretion) to receive pardon of my preſumption, hoping that you ſhall find nothing diſpleaſing to an honeſt minde, ſome things profitable to a young Wit, and wiſhing all worthy the favourable acceptation of your good patience, in all due thankfulneſs for your undeſerved goodneſs, I humbly take my leave.

Yours in affectionate ſervice,

Nicholas Breton.

TO THE READER.

GEntle, if you be, be you ſo, gentle Reader; you ſhall underſtand, that I know not when there came a Poaſt I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what: But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap, with lack of heed, to let fall a Pacquet of idle Papers, the Superſcription being onely to him that findes it. Being my fortune to light on it, ſeeing no greater ſtile in the Direction, I fell to opening the Incloſure; in which I found divers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learn. Now for the Contents of the Circumſtances, when you have read them, judge of them; and as you like them, regard them: And for my ſelf, hearing you like well of this firſt Part, I have adventured a ſecond, which here I preſent you with both in one. But fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, leſt you like the worſe of thoſe that follow, I reſt as I have reaſon,

Yours,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

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A POAST WITH A PACQUET of mad LETTERS.

A Complemental Letter.

Dear Friend,

The Elegant composure of your Lines makes me to estéem you a déep Scholar, and the remonstrance of your love towards me, makes me glory in so exquisite a friend. With what an extasie of comfort shall I be ravished by your company, who surfeit thus with joy at the paper which bears the characters of your name and hand-writing? which written truly is most delectable, but not satisfactory: For I cannot derive a fulness of content to my self, though I were made possessor of both the INDIES, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever be deprived of your society, which I account the greatest moity of all terrene happiness, who am resolved still to continue my sorrow for your continued absence, and request you to hasten the hour wherein I may congratulate your safety, & abridge my time of mourning with a spéedy and most welcome return unto

Your devoted friend, *A. B.*

From a Son to his Father.

Whereas it is the part of every Childe, being by duty and nature chiefly bound, daily to sollicit God with importunate Prayers for his Parents prosperity; I therefore, good Father, being a Son more bound than any, through the fluent bounty of a Fathers love, do now in all reverence obediently remember my zeal and duty, with my fervent prayers for the continuance of all true felicity towards you, whose love hath been the Food to fill the Banks again, when my irregular Expences were the Ebtides to make my Money run low; but as I am unsufficient to make a plenary retribution, or cancel the obligation of your so many kindnesses and benefits, so will I never forget to shew my grateful remembrance: But being ashamed

to

to return nothing but bare words in retribution, I have at this present sent you a Gelding, whose worth I leave to your trial and experience, and desire you to accept him as the rental tribute of

Your obedient Son, *J. M.*

A Letter of Love to his Mistriss.

Loveliest Mistriss,

THat powerful Deity which hath inkindled the Hearts of mightiest Monarchs with the beautiful lineaments of Rose-cheeked Ladies, at this time hath manifested her sovereignty over me; who being taken in the Snare of Love, and fettered in the Bonds of Affection, am in the same predicament of passion. The countless griefs which day and night I long endured for your sake, (able to melt a Heart harder than a Diamond) may be as perswading Orators to move your pitiful nature to favour: And my languishing estate doth implore, (if you hold my life in any regard) that you would vouchsafe by your kindness to comfort my Soul, which is prepared to forsake this wretched body upon dental. But fearing lest I have too much slacked the rein of my Pen, and been too liberal in writing, awaiting in your answer for the sentence of life or death, wishing you a perpetuity of joy, I rest,

Yours most affectionately, *A. B.*

A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman living in *London*.

IT is observable, that when a man hath a Glass of brittle substance, and for the worth great of price and value, he is very chary and heedful thereof; because if by a fall it should be broken, it is impossible to have it repaired. I make the application unto your self (Cousin DOROTHY) your Maiden-head being a jewel of high estimate, may be compared to that brittle ware, which unless your care be the greater for the preservation, may get a crack that no art of man can make whole again, and a blow that no herb is of sufficient efficacy to cure. Let not my needful advice be in ill part accepted, the trespass being so unremediable, and the loss so irrevocable. Your sex (Cousin) is of it self prone and propense unto pleasure; and LONDON is a place full of provocations to sin: your beauty shall there hourly meet with forcible temptations, though happily in the harmless Country the Fortress of your Chastity found no assailments. But I hope your genuine and innate vertue will protect you from so foul an ignominy, and give me cause to rest always

Your loving Cousin, *G. D.*

A Letter to his Mistriss desiring Marriage.

COurteous Mistriss AMY, the onely joy of my Heart, I thought it fitting to declare my minde in Writing to you: long time I have rested your true and constant Love, hoping to finde the like true affection from you. I write not in any dissembling sort; my tongue doth declare my heart, assuring you that I do not regard any Portion, but your hearty love to remain firm to me. I would be glad to know when you would appoint a day of our Marriage, if it stand so to your liking. Dear AMY, take some pity on him that loveth you so well. You know that I have been proffered good mens Daughters in Marriage; but I could never fancy any so well as your self. I desire to know the fulness of your affection, whether it do equal mine or no; and upon the receipt of your answer, you shall see me shortly after. Though I receive you in your Smock, I have sufficient means to provide for me and you both. I have sent you a Ring in token of love, which I pray you accept of. I omit all eloquence, not doubting but you will consider my fervent zeal, which cannot be expressed with words. Thus requesting your answer, I commit you to God, resting

Your assured loving friend till death, *H. C.*

A merry Letter of news of Complaints.

HOnest GEORGE, my old School-fellow and kinde friend, I am glad to hear of thy home-quiet, however it fare with my hard travel. Whereas thou writest unto me for such News as this place yieldeth, let me tell thee, that there are so many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost write none: onely this upon my knowledge I dare deliver thee for truth, That of late in the City there are a number of complaints every hour in the day. The Souldier complains either of Peace or Penury; the Lawyer, either for lack of Clients or cold Fees; the Merchant, of small Trafick, or ill Fortune; the Tradesmen, for lack of Chapmen; the Labourers, for lack of Work; the Poor men, of lack of Charity; and the Rich, of lack of Money; the Thief, for lack of Booties; and the Hangman, that his Trees are bare. And for your feminine gender, many old women cry out for young unthrifts; and many young wenches complain of old Misers. However matters go, I cannot help them; but as I hear of their complaints, I have written thee the contents, which being scarce worth the reading, I leave to thy worst using; and so, sorry

that I have no matter of worth wherewith better to fit thy humour, in as much kindness as I can, I commend my love to thy command, and so I rest,

Thine ever as my own, *W. P.*

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I Will not deny but your fair eyes are able to dart love into any beholder; but the virtues of your mind hath won me to be enamoured on your person. They that aim at the form, tie their loves but to an apprentiship of beauty, which broken with sickness or years, they grow either cold in their affection, or fall to a loathing on their once-beloved object. But I (considering of your wisdom, and supporting my hopes upon the Pillar of your patience) put it to your election either to grace me with your favour, whose love shall be as durable as the immortal essence of your soul, from whence flow your never-enough commended virtues; or to cast it on some superficial and temporary lover, whose affection will fade with the decay of your soon-banishing beauty. But I will here set a period to my lines, and give way to your discreet consideration to contemplate and discuss of the most affectionate suit of

Your ever-avowed Servant, *R. L.*

A Letter of Comfortable advice to a Friend, who sorrowed for the death of his Love.

HOnest ALEXANDER, I hear thou art of late fallen into an extreme melancholy, by reason of the sudden departure of SUSANNA out of this life. For thy sake I am sorry she hath left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this world, she is sure gone to a better. Now if thy mourning could recover her from death, I would willingly bear part of thy passion; but when it doth her no good, and thy self much hurt, let not a wilful humour lead thee into a woful consumption. Thou knowest she is senseless in the grave, and wilt thou therefore be witless in the world? Say love is extreme, and let me believe it, wilt thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God forbid: Well, thou know'st I love thee, and in my love let me advise thee not to go from thy self with an imagination of what was, to lose that which is: because she is in Heaven, wilt thou be in Hell? or if she be half an Angel, wilt thou be more than half a Devil? Oh spend thy spirit to a better purpose; let not the remembrance of her perfection drive thee into imperfections; nor make love hateful to others, by

seeing

seeing the unhappiness caused in thy self: Oh let not fancy shew folly in thee, howsoever virtue deserved honour in her. Leave thy solitary dwelling and come live with me, we will devise some good means for the remove of this melancholy. In the mean time make not too much of it, lest it chance to prove a madness. Love thy self, and believe thy friend; and what is in me to do thee good, command as thine own. Glad I would be to see thee, as he who doth entirely love thee; and so, desirous to hear from thee, to the Almighty God I commit thee. Farewel.

Thine as his own, *E. D.*

January 2. 1596

His Answer.

KInd FRANK, I have received thy friendly Letter, and note thy careful love; but pardon me if I do not answer to thy liking. Alas, how can he truly judge of love, that never kindly was in love? or know how soundly to help a sorrow, that never inwardly felt it: Reading makes a Scholar by rule, and observation (I know) doth much in the perfection of Art; but experience is the mother of knowledge. My Mistresses beauty was no Moon-shine, whose virtue gave light to the hearts eye; nor her wisdom an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect understanding: and for her graces, are they not written among the virtuous? Thou saidst well, she was too heavenly a creature to make her habitation on this earth; and is it not then a kind of Hell to be without her in this world? Imaginations are not dreams, where substances are the objects of the senses, while the eye of memory is never weary of seeing. Oh honest FRANK, think thou hast not lived, that hast not loved, nor canst live in this world to have such a Love die in it; it is a dull spirit that is fed with oblivion, and a dead sence that hath no feeling of love. Think therefore what was, is with me, and my life is nothing, without the enjoying of that something, which was to me all in all. Is not the presence of an Angel able to ravish the sight of a man? and is not the light of beauty the life of love? Leave then to burthen me with imperfection of my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my Paradise whose absence is my worlds Hell. Thou dost misconstrue my good, in languishing for her lack, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other comforts: no, FRANK, let it suffice, though I love thee, I cannot forget her; and though I live with thee, yet I will die for her. Have patience then with patience, till time better temper mine affection: In which, most devoted to thee of any man living, till I see thee (which shall be as shortly as I well can, I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, *D. E.*

A Letter of Advice to a young Courtier.

MY noble kinſman, I hear of late that you are growne a great Courtier; I wiſh you much grace, and the continuing of your beſt comfort: but for that your years have not had time to ſee much, and your kindeneſs may hap to be abuſed, let me intreat you a little now and then to look to that which I counſel you: keep your Purſe warily, and your Credit charily; your Reputation ballantly, and your Honour carefully: for your friends, as you finde them uſe them: for your Love, let it be ſecret in the beſtowing, and diſcreet in the placing: for if Fancy be wanting, Wit ſhall be a fool. Scorn not Ladies, for they are worthy to be loved; but make not love to many, leſt thou be loved of none. If thou haſt a ſabour, be not proud of thy fortune, but think it diſcretion to conceal a contentment: go neat, but not gay, leſt it argue a lightneſs; and take heed of lavish expence, leſt it beggar thy eſtate: play little, and loſe not much; uſe exerciſe, but make no toil of a pleaſure; read much, but dull not thy brain; and confer but with the wiſe, ſo ſhalt thou get underſtanding. Pride is a kind coinesſ which is a little womaniſh; and a common familiarity is too near the Clown for a Courtier; but carry thy ſelf even, that thou fall on neither ſide; ſo will the wiſe commend thee, and the better ſort affect thee. But let me not be tedious, leſt it may perhaps offend thee; and therefore as I live, let it ſuffice I love thee: and ſo wiſhing thee as much good as thou canſt deſire to be wiſhed, in prayer for thy health, and hope of thy happineſs, to my utmoſt power, I reſt in affectionate good will,

Thine ever aſſured, *E. G.*

His Anſwer.

SWeet Couſin, I think you have either ſome Court in the Country, or elſe you have ſtudi'd the Courtier, that you can ſet down ſuch rules that are no leſs worthy the reading, than obſerving: believe me, they ſhall be my beſt leiſure-ſtudies, and in my daily courſes my Counſellors; my Solliciters in love, and my Judges in honour; my Guides in greateſt hope, and my Admoniters in greateſt dangers. For your pains in them I thank you, and for your kindneſs I love you: your care of me I ſee by them, and will not unkindly forget them. I muſt confeſs I find Courtiers cloſe people, and Ladies ſtrange creatures, and Love ſo idle an humour, that I am afraid to loſe time in it; but the better by your advice, I hope to carry a hand over it. For Apparel I will keep my ſtint, and care for no fond faſhion: and for Exerciſe,

ercise, nature is so given to ease, that good qualities are almost out of use. As for Vertue, your Lady, she is scarce able to live with her pension; but for study I have little time, so much company withdraws me; and for a Book, next the Stole, your Letter shall be Library. And thus smiling at such gulls as think no grace but a gay Coat, nor wit but in a stale jest; noting many a Beggar like a King, and many a Lord like a poor Gentleman; saying the truth of SOLOMON in his conclusion of all earthly comforts, that all under the sun is vanity; meaning not to be a servant to base humour, nor to reach higher than I may hold fast, in thankful kindness for thy careful Letter, and faithful affection to thy worthy self, wishing that so near me that I might never be from thee, I rest

Thine whit mine own, *D. W.*

A mournful Letter to a Brother.

GOod Brother, the misery of my uncomfortable life, the crossness of my cruel fortune, and the unkindness of my natural kin, have made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latest hour; and yet loth to despair of God's Mercies, willing to take any good course for my commodity, I have of late been perswaded by some of experience in their journeys into those parts, that my travel into the Low-Countries would be much to my benefit, as well for that Language, as for my skill in such Traffique as I would make use of in those places: but my estate being so down the wind, that I know not how to set sail in the weather, having no stock to lay out to give me hope to bring in; I will even set up my rest upon the resolution of Fortune, & thrust my self into some place of service in the Wars, where I will either win the Horse, or lose the Saddle: if I die, mercy is my comfort; if I live, desert is my hope. But to the helping forth of this my forlorn spirit, good Brother put to your helping hand, assuring your self that I will not live to be ungrateful: For as my heart loveth, my soul shall pray for you; and when I have time to see, I will be no stranger unto you. And thus aggrieved to charge, never more meaning to trouble you, beseeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true love of a natural Brother, I rest,

Yours as my own, *E. S.*

His Answer.

DEar Sister, as I grieve at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts: but my estate, much inferiour to my will, makes me unable to satisfie your expectations: and yet would I hurt my self rather than you should perish: For you shall receive by this bearer what

what I may, and more as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the Low Countreys, I fear your Traffique will be but little gainful, the Wars so eat up the wealth of the Country: And for your intent touching Arms, I fear your forwardness is too great for your experience; yet so far I do allow of your noble resolutions herein, as I would less grieve to hear of your honourable death abroad, than see your discontented life at home; and therefore for winning the Horse or lusing the Saddle, leave that to God's blessing, who will bestow honour as it shall please his Divine Providence. But good Brother have patience with thy crosses, attend mercy for thy comfort, and have a care of home, howsoever thou farest abroad. I know thy minde is great; but take heed of Pride, lest it be a bar to all thy preferment, and overthrow all thy honour. I see thou art weary of the World, make then thy way towards Heaven, that God who hath tried thee with calamities, may bless thee with eternal comforts: In hope whereof, willing in all I can to help, praying heartily for thee, with my unfeigned hearts love, unto the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Your loving Brother, *D. S.*

To a Minister in the behalf of a sick Friend.

SIr, though it hath ever been my study to furnish my self with constancy against the disastrous inforunities of this life, yet I could not but be much moved out of the tenderness of my love, with the news of our friend Master GUIDDARD's debility: and assure you, sickness hath not so vehemently seized on his Body, but sorrow hath as violently attached my heart. For the recordation of his many favours so liberally, though undeservedly bestowed upon me, makes me to participate in his grief, as if it were mine own. Since it would be rudeness in me now to trouble him, I have diverted my Letters unto you, and beseech you (seeing in all mens opinion, the time is come that he must put off his mortality, and pass through death, as through a Gate into everlasting Life) to put him in minde to bewail his misdeeds, and to beg remission of his sins, with pouring out of his Tears, which are so gracious in Heaven, that every sin is washed away with such a flood, and no Weeds spring after such a Rain. But happily it is a superfluous care in me, to set a Spur in your side, and to prick you on, who are forward enough of your self to perform all holy Offices that can be in one of your Coat required. Therefore, if sorrow hath been a bad Dictator to my Pen, bear with the boldness of

Your mournful friend, *E. F.*

A Letter of a jealous Husband to his Wife.

WIfe, in as much kindneſs as I can, I adviſe you to leave ſuch courſes, as is neither to your credit nor my contentment: you know much company cauſeth many occaſions of idle ſpeeches, and young men are not in theſe days given to ſpeak the beſt of their kinde friends: Trifles and toys were better refuſed than accepted, and time idly ſpent brings but Beggary, or a worſe blot. Of all the Birds in the Field, I love not a Cuckow in my houſe: Truly I do not diſſemble with you, your light behaviour doth much diſlike me, and how glad I would be to have it reformed, you ſhall know when I ſee it. Shall I make you fine to pleaſe another, and diſpleaſe my ſelf? Shall I leave you my houſe, to make an hoſpitality of ill fellowſhip? Fit me not with the fool, howſoever you feed your ſelf with a foul humour. Shake off ſuch acquaintance as gain you nothing but diſcredit, and make much of him that muſt as well winter as ſummer you. Look to your houſe, have a motherly care over your Children, ſet your Servants to work, and have an eye to the main chance. Leave tattling Goſſips, idle Houſwives, bain headed Fellows, and needleſs Charge; ſo God will bleſs, and the World will thrive with you, your Neighbours ſpeak well, and I ſhall truly love you. And thus, hoping that you will by this my ſecret admonition, have a care of your good carriage, I reſt in hope of your well-doing,

Your loving Husband, *T. P.*

Her cunning Anſwer.

HUsband, with as much patience as I can, I have read over your unlook'd Letter, wherein Jealouſie keeps ſuch a ſtir, that Love doth but laugh at ſuch idleneſs: much company drives away evil thoughts, and for Fools, it is good to be afraid of Had I-wiſt: ill thoughts beget ill ſpeeches, and old Dogs bite ſorer than a young Whelp: For Beggary, let it fall upon the ſlothful; I know how to work for my living; and for Wiſes, ſpeak to Scholers, for I have no skill in writing. Now for the Bird, to anſwer you with the Beaſt, I think a Calf in a Cloſet is as bad as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were ſullen, you would ſure ſuſpect my humour; and do you miſtake my merry behaviour? Well, your conceit may be deformed, in being ſo wrongfully informed, to have me ſo ſuddenly reformed: My fineneſs is your countenance, and my converſation is your credit; and therefore do you, ſhake off your louſie jealouſie, I will make choice of better company: Your houſe will ſtand faſt if it fall not, and your Children quieter than their Father. Your Servants earn their wages, and the main chance

is

ig nicked well enough: Women muſt talk when they met, and men not to be ſcorned, though not entertained; and he that kæpeth a houſe, muſt ſeek to defray the charge. And ſo hoping you will leabe your jealouſie, and think of ſome matter of moze wozth, as careful of my carriage as you of your credit, meaning to do as well as I can, without your teaching, and as well as if you were at home, I reſt,

Your too-much-loving Wife, *H. P.*

A Letter of kinde Complements to a Friend.

KIndeſt of Friends, where I lobe much I ſpeak little; foz affection hath ſmall pleaſure in ceremonies: your kindneſs I babe found, my deſert I dare not ſpeak of, leſt it moze offend my ſelf to think on, than you to look on. But ſince you habe made me happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lack your company: foz though I libe among many good neighbours, yet do I much want the comfozt of ſo good a friend, by whom I ſhould not onely gain the uſe of time, but finde the pzofit of my deſire: which joyning iſſue with your humours, cannot but ſo concur with your contentment, that if there be a Paradiſe on Earth, I hope to finde it in the fair paſſages of our lobes, which grounded on bertue, and growing in kindneſs, cannot chuſe but be bleſſedly fruitful. In bzief, till I ſee you, I will mourn; and if not the ſooner, I ſhall languiſh: foz my wiſhing and want cannot be ſatisfied with abſence; haſten therefoze your coming, and make your own welcome: foz what I habe oz am, enter into the roll of your poſſeſſion, where, in the Free-hold of my lobe, I aſſure the ſubſtance of my life. And ſo leabing Complements to Longue ſpirits, in the truth of an honeſt heart, I reſt,

Yours as you do, and ſhall ever know, *V. B.*

His Anſwer.

SIr, I habe receibed your kinde Letter, and I finde you bery fine at your corner: You will ſpeak and ſay nothing, be eloquent in plainneſs; but you muſt not ſpeak in the clouds to them that are acquainted with the Moon; and ſay what you will, I muſt beliebe of my ſelf as I liſt: Foz indeed I know my own unwozthineſs of your commendation, in which I will rather bear with your Affection, than be conceited with your Opinion. Yet not to be either diſdainful, oz ungrateful, be not ſo far deceibed in my diſpoſition, that wherein my pzeſence may pleaſure you, I will anſwer you with my abſence, nor long delay your expectation; foz you'd it but cold kind

neſs,

nesse; and too much haste is not fit; therefore assoon as I conveniently can, I assure you, you shall see me, and in full affection finde me, to the uttermost of my power, rather in action than protestation, during life, in fair weather or foul,

Yours as my own, *W. R.*

A Letter of Love to a Gentlewoman.

FAir Mistris, to court you with Eloquence, were as ill as to grieve you with fond tales; let it therefore please you rather to believe what I write, than to note what I speak: For my Heart being fired in your Eyes, hath bowed my service in your Beauty; in which, finding reasons admirations, I can think but of Nature in her perfection, in which, being ravished above it self, craveth of your favour to be instructed by your kindness; I mean no farther than in obedience to your commandment: For if I be any thing my self, it shall be nothing more than yours; and less than nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you above the Skies, compare you with the Sun, or set you among the Stars, figure you with the Phenix, imagine you a Goddess; but I will leave such weak praising fictions, and think you onely your self, whose vertuous Beauty, and whose honourable Discretion in the care of a little kindness, is able to command the love of the wise, and the labours of the honest, with the best of their endeavours in the happiness of your employment, to seek the height of their fortune. Think not therefore I flatter you in hope of favour, but honour you in the desert of worthiness; in which, if you would vouchsafe to entertain the service of my affection, what you shall finde in my love, I will leave in your kindness to consider: in the care of which comfort, craving pardon for my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly,

Yours devoted to be commanded, *F. W.*

Her Answer.

SIr, I have heard Scholars say, that it is art to conceal art; and that under a face of simplicity is hidden much subtilty; of which how silly women need to be afraid, I will leave wise men to consider: And though I cannot in fine or fit terms answer the curiosity of your writing, yet after a plain and homely fashion, I will intreat you to accept of my writing. Perfection and Corruption cannot meet together in one subject; and therefore my imagined Beauty, being but a shadow of deceit, believe not your eyes, till they have a better speculation: and for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded that wit is not worth

any things, that is drawn into admiration of nothing: onely this, not unkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth, leaving Fictions to idle Fancies, Let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, and to honour a better substance than my unworthy self. And yet so far assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conbenientiy counterbail the care of your kindness, excuse my indiscretion, if I fail of my desire: In which, wishing you more happiness than to be commanded by my unworthiness, I rest as I may,

Your loving poor friend, *M. W.*

A Letter of scorn to a coy Dame.

MIstris Fubs, if you were but a little fair, I see you would be mighty proud; and had you but the wit of a Goose, you would surely kiss the Gander: but being (with as bad qualities as can be wished) as rich as a new-shorn Sheep, I hope Fortune is not so mad as to bless you farther than the beggar. It is not your Holiday-face, put on after the ill-laboured-fashion, can make your half Nose but ugly in a true light; and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Taylor, you might be set up for the signe of the Sea-crab. Now for your Parentage, to help out with the hope of the rest, when the Tinkers son and Coblers daughter met under the Hedge at the milking of a Bull, within forty weeks after, what fell out you know. Now not too plainly to lay open the foul Members of a filthy Carcas, but as patiently as I can to keep decorum in your description, let me tell you, that all this and much more being true in your disgrace, I cannot chuse but marvel that you mourn not to death in imagination, to think that a Monster in nature can have any disgrace in reason: but let it be as it is, I have but lost a little breath in talking to a deaf Ear; for I mean to take no more trabel to the subject of so ill an object: And therefore, meaning to take my farewel, and beginning with you both at one instant, leaving you to loath your self, as one whom no creature can be in love withal, sorry that I ever saw you, and never more intending to trouble you, in recompence of your course entertainment, I rest in all kindness, this present, and always,

Yours as much as may be, *T. E.*

Her Answer.

MAster WILDGOOSE, it is not your bufty tufty can make me afraid of your big looks; for I saw the Play of ancient PISTOL, where a crack-coward was well cudgelled for his knavery: Your railing

is

is so near the Kascal, as I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the Rogue on you: but for modesty sake I will a little forbear you, and onely tell you, that a hanging Look and a hollow Heart, a cunning Wit, and corrupt Conscience, make you so fit a Mate for the Devil, that there is no Christian will desire your company. Now for your estate, it is much on Fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the pain of their Heads is onely healed with the Halter. And for your Linage, when the Bearwards Ape and the Hangmans Monkey met together on a Hay-mow, what a Whelp came out of such a Litter, let all the World judge, I say nothing. Now for your stump Feet, and your lame Hand, suiting kindly with your wry Neck, who would not make little of their eyes that could endure the sight of such a Picture? Now your Wealth being but a few Words, which you have almost all spent in idle humours, hoping that the Tortoise will not quarrel with the Crab, and that when you have sipp'd upon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madness, till the Wood-cock tell you how the Daw-cock hath caught you; leading further to think on you, more than utterly to loath you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discountment, in full measure with your malice, I rest,

Yours as you see, *A. W.*

A Letter to a foul Dowdy.

MIstris JOAN JUGGLE, I hear that you think your self fair, but you are much deceived; for the Curriers Dye is but a course kinde of Painting; and for Wit, how far you are from understanding, the wise can tell you. Now for qualities, where you learned them I know not; but if you could leave them it were well. I wonder not a little what madness hath possessed your Brains, that you can make so much of your self: are your eyes your own? or are they so scaled they cannot see? Get you to your prayers, and leave making of love; for age and evil favour had need to be helped with a good Purse. I hear you study Musick; indeed when the Owl sings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: But for shame learn not to Dance; for a Barrel can but tumble: but would you use a medicine for your Teeth, you might be the better to speak with in the morning. What ails you to buy a Fan, except it be to hide your Face? And till your Hands be whole, you will wear but Dogs leather for your Gloves. In truth you abuse your self, that you keep not your Chamber; for none sees you, but laughs at you, or at least loaths to look on you: Be therefore content to do as I wish you; speak with none but by Atturney; leave the

Painter to better Pictures, and rather grieve at Nature for framing you, than to think of any thing that may help you. Your Gods bestow on me for my counsel, and make suit to death for your comfort. And thus hoping, that being weary of your self, you will hasten to your Grave, I end,

Yours as you see, *H. I.*

Her Answer.

SIr MORRIS MALLIPART, you may think your self wise; but you do not shew it: For railing words are the worst testimonies for a good Wit. For good qualities I think you know them not, nor can go from the evil; but for madness I think it sorteth best with your humours: For the help whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the Brain: But for till sight, who is so blinde as old BAYARD, that will not see his own folly? My prayers I will not forget to God, to bless me from such foul Spirits on earth: And for love more than charity, I hold you the farthest off in my thought. Now knowing your poverty, I wonder you will speak of a Purse. As for an ill-favoured face, go to Paris-garden to your good Brother. Indeed your CRIMSON-sanguine is most pure complexion; but for your Tobacco, it is a good purge for your Rheume. For my Fan, it keeps sometimes from the sight of such a Wizard as your good face; and for my Hands, I keep my Nails on my Fingers, though you cannot keep your Hair on your Head. Now for laughing fools, you are provided for a corcomb; and for loathing all ill countenances, let the Hangman draw your Picture. Be therefore contented to be thus answered; speak wisely, or hold your peace, and be not busie with your betters, lest you know the nature of Had-I-wist. So hoping that you will be weary of the World, and that you will hang your self for a Medicine to heal your Wits of Melancholly. I will bequeath you a Halter upon free cost at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, *E. P.*

A Letter for the preferring of a Servant.

SIr, knowing your necessary use of a good Servant, and remembring your late speech with me touching such a matter, I thought good to commend unto you in that behalf the bearer hereof W. T. a man whose honesty, secrecy, and careful diligence, upon a reasonable tryal, will soon make

make proof of his sufficiency. His Parentage is not base, nor his Disposition vile; but in parts exquisite as one of his place; such a one as I am perswaded will fit your turn. If therefore at my request you will entertain him, I doubt not but you will thank me for him: For I was glad I had so trusty a Servant to commend unto you, and hope to hear he will much content you. And thus loth to trouble you with further circumstances, leading his service to your good regard, my love to your like commandment, in affectionate good will I rest,

Yours ever assured, *N. B.*

The Answer.

SIr, I have received both your Letter and the Bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake; for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you. Your commendation of him argueth your knowledge of a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I will as kindly and thankfully think on. His Countenance I like well, and his Speech better: and for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion. When I see you, you shall know how I like him; in the mean time he shall finde that I will love him: And for all things necessary for his present use, I finde him sufficiently furnished; but if I finde his want, it shall be soon supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kinde debtor till a good occasion of requital, with my hearty commendations I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend, *R. V.*

A Letter of Counsel to a Friend.

MY best approved and worthiest beloved PHILO, I hear by some of late come from Venice, that seem to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amourous humour, especially with a Subject of too much unworthiness; a news, that knowing thy spirit I could hardly believe, that upon a solemn affirmation I was sorry to hear: For Beauty without Wealth is but a beggarly charm; and Honour without Virtue is but a tittle for a title: Hath she a glib Tongue? it is pity she hath not a better Wit: Is she witty? it is a sorrow it is no better bestowed; for the craft of one Woman is the confusion of many a Man: Does she say she loves thee? believe

believe her not: May, doth she love thee? regard her not; for it is a Jewel of so little worth, as will give but loss in the buying. I feared the Plague had taken hold of thy Lodging, but thou art peppered with a world of infection; thy Study is infected with idleness, thy Brain with dizziness, and thy Spirit with madness. O leave these follies, think Love but a Dream, and Beauty a Shadow, and Folly a Witch, and Repentance a Misery: Wake out of thy sleep, and call thy Wits together; be not sorted with a humour, nor slave to thy Self will: Leave courting of a Courtizan, and keep thy Breath for a better blast: Save thy Purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit: Let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee. For my self, how I grieve for thee, I would I could tell thee; but let thus much suffice thee, believe nothing as she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor give her any thing that she wants: See her but to purge Melancholy; talk with her but to sharpen Wit; give her but to be rid of her company; and use her but according to her condition; so shalt thou have a hand over those humours that would have a head over thy Heart, and be master over thy Servants by the vertue of thy Spirit: otherwise Will, having gotten the Bridle in his Teeth, will run away with the Rider; and Reason being cast off, may never sit well in the Saddle. But why do I use these perswasions for the remove of thy passions? If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hardly get out; if thou be but over Shoes, thou mayst be saved from drowning. Whatsoever I hear, I hope the best; but to avoid the worst, I have presumed out of my love to send thee the fruit of my affection: In which, if my care may do thee comfort, I shall think it a great part of my happiness; howsoever it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindness: And so till I hear from thee, which I daily long for, I rest,

Thine as my own, *E. D.*

His Answer.

GEntle WILLO, I have received thy most kinde and careful Letter, a messenger of my most honest love, who hath told me no less than I wholly believe, that Love in idleness is the very entrance to madness. But yet though I will think on thy counsel, give me leave a little to go along with conceit. Wherefore let me tell thee my Opinion: Beauty without Wealth is little worth; but being a riches in it self, how can it be poorly valued? and Honour being but the estate of Vertue, how can you pluck a little out of a little? The Tongue is the instrument of Wit, and Wit the approver of Discretion; where, if Reason be grabelled, Nature may be admired. Now for words, they have their sub-

ſubſtance, and Lobe is not to be abuſed: For it is a jewel well known, that is worthy of his price. Infections are every where, and jealouſie a moſt cruel plague; but rid thy ſelf of that diſeaſe, and fear not my health in the other. Reconceit is a kinde of dizzineſs, which, worſe tormented than with idleneſs, is troubled with too ſtrong a madneſs: but he that is unwiſe had need be reformed; and he that laughs at an imperfection may fall himſelf upon the Fool. Now for a mad Dream, or an imagined Witch, conceited Sleep, or an intreated Waking; I muſt confeſs they are pretty humours, and will think of their errours. And now for ſotting and ſlavery, and for courting in knavery, be perſwaded that time will employ my Purſe to better purpoſe: then grieve not for me, but onely love me, and let that ſuffice thée: and for thy advice in ſeeing, talking, and giving, fear not the bad-Iſſue of thy folly: for he that is Maſter of himſelf, ſhall not need his Miſtriſs; and therefore he that cannot ride, let him leave the Saddle: for Reaſon hath a power over Will, where Will is but a Servant to Nature: In the certainty of which courſe, intending to lay my Hands on my Heart, that I will fear no Horns on my Head; with many thanks for thy kinde perſwaſions, hoping thou wilt take no exception at my conſtructions, intreating thée to believe no more of me than thou needeſt, and to love me as thou doſt, in the faith of that affection that holds thée dear to my love, I reſt, during life,

Thine obliged and devoted, *W. B.*

A Letter of Comfort to a Siſter in Sorrow.

DEar Siſter, I heard lately of your Husbands departure for the INDIES, when with no little ſorrow I conſidered your heavy caſe; in which, finding his want to be grievous, and your Friends cold in comfort, I could not chuſe, without unkindneſs, but remember theſe Lines of my love unto you. I know your ſtate is weak, how fair ſoever you make your weather; but the more is your Patience worthy of Honour, that can ſo nobly conceal your diſcontentments. For my ſelf, I would I were able to do you good; but what I have or can procure, ſhall not fail to do you pleaſure: But if your minde be too great to ſtoop to be beholding, what I am able to do, take as a duty in my Brothers love. Good Siſter therefore be of good chear, and put your care upon me, I will ſee you often, and love you ever: For a creature of your worthineſs is ſeldom found in your Sex, that for her Husbands love will adventure the ſtate of her living. Your Children are not many; but ſuch as are, ſhall be mine, and you to be as my ſelf: take therefore as little thought, and as much comfort as you can; no doubt but God that trieth his ſervants

will

will bleſs them; hope then of my Brother's happy return, and till then command me. Shortly God willing you ſhall ſee me: in the mean time let me intreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater love, which is but an aſſurance of the beginning of my affections never ending, in which predicament of true friendſhip, I reſt ever aſſured,

Your loving Siſter, *E. W.*

The Anſwer.

SWeet Siſter, I have received your kinde Letter, and loving Token, for both which I am your thankful debtour: But touching my Husband, though his wants were grievous, yet the want of him is my greateſt ſorrow; for in the ſtay of his love was the ſtay of my living. I am ſorry that you know my weakneſs, and wiſh it but in ſtrength to anſwer your kindneſs: But good Siſter, though I am willing to conceal my croſſes, as to be beholden to ſo honourable a Spirit, I count it not the leaſt of my happineſs; therefore though I had devoted my ſelf to ſolitarineſs in his abſence, your company ſhall be to me a light in darkneſs; and noting the nature of your kindneſs, will ever be beholding to your love. Come then to me when you will, and command what you will; for I will be as good as you will. My Children are my worlds joys, and my hearts jewels, in whoſe face I would behold their Fathers, in whoſe love I would ſpend my life. So in a merry-go-ſorry, grieving for his abſence, and wiſhing your preſence, praying for his happy return, your health, and my own patience, that in too much paſſion of affection I fall not upon indiſcretion: with moſt hearty thankful love I commend my ſelf to your commandment,

Yours affectionately bound, *E. G.*

A Letter of love to a fair Miſtriſs.

FAir Miſtriſs, to trouble you with a long circumſtance, I might perhaps fear you with the leſs of time; and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit: But to avoid both ſuperſtitions, let me a little intreat you with patience to peruſe in a few words the ſum of a long Tale; in which the truth of Love, to the lateſt hour of Death, proteſteth the joy of his life but the fruit of your favour. of which the thought of the unworthineſs doth too much ſhew his unhappineſs. Time makes me too brief; but in your wiſdome is my hope of underſtanding, that in my trial you may truſt me, and

by

by deſert eſteem me; in which, if I deceive your expectation, let me die in the miſery of your diſdain. Thus, not to flatter you with a fair ſtile in the ſtate of your worthy commendation, beſeeching to be commanded by the kinde care of your diſcretion, in the bands of a vowed ſervice, I humbly reſt,

Yours always aſſured, *R. N.*

The Anſwer.

SIr, as I would be loth to be thought proud, I would as unwillingly be found dole; either to believe too well of my ſelf, or not to have a reſpect of others. Truth is ſeldom maſked with ſmooth words, and Love is not bred but upon great contentment. Your liking may be greater than my deſert, and ſo alter upon a better conſideration: But miſtake not your happineſs in my favours unworthineſs, where the beſt of my commandment may be the beſt of your contentment. Your conſideration of time, may excuſe my ſhortneſs of writing; where in a word you may underſtand, that indeed I intend, that Truth is honourable in Love, and Vertue the fairest joy in Affection: in which, if I do not miſconſtrue your conceit, I will anſwer the care of your kindneſs: in which, according to the due of deſert, you ſhall finde the effects of your deſire. And ſo for this time, I reſt,

Your poor friend, *A. Q.*

A Letter of counſel from a kind Father.

DEar Son, you muſt not, from your Father, look for a flattering lobe, nor take it unkindly that I give you warning of what may prejudice your good. Above all things, ſerve God, and keep a clear Conſcience; paſs not the limits of allegiance, nor build Caſtles in the Air: converſe not with fools, for you ſhall loſe your time: Take heed of knaves, for there is much to be feared in them: and beware of drunkenneſs, for it is a beaſtly humour. I have heard you are given much to Alchymiſtry; it is a great charge to many, and profiteth few: imploy your time ſo, that you loſe not by the bargain. What a griet it is to want, I pray God you never know; and therefore eſchew prodigality, which quickly makes a poor man. I have ſent you an hundred Crowns, well may you uſe them; & when you need any more, ſend to me for them. After the Term, the Vacation will caſt thee into the Country; where, knowing thy Father's houſe, thou maſt make thine own welcome; till when and always I will pray for thee, that God will bleſs thee, that I may have joy in thee.

Your loving Father, *H. W.*

A kind Answer of a loving Son.

MY dear Father, as I will not flatter my self with your love, so I cannot but joy in your kindness, whose careful counsel within the compass of so few words I will lock up in my Heart as my best Jewel. For to serve God, is the duty of a Christian; and no longer let me live, than in the care of that comfort. A clear Conscience I find like a Sanctuary, where the Soul may take a safe place of rest. To pass the limits of Allegiance, merits the loss of life; and to build Castles in the Air, they are but mad mens imaginations. Fools cannot understand me, and Knaves shall not trouble me. For drunkenness, never doubt me, for it is most loathsome in my nature. For your Crowns, I humbly thank you, and hope to bestow them to your liking. Touching Alchymy, I hear much, but believe little; but I will not waste your Land to make a new metal. The Vacation is near, and I will not be long from you; where finding you well, shall be my best welcome. So praying for your long health, and hearts ever happiness, in all humble thanks I take my leave,

Your obedient Son, *R. W.*

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

AS I have reposed trust in your care, I look for your performance of my credit: Your ability in managing such matters as I have committed to your charge, I make no doubt of; and therefore, hoping in your discretion to hear of my expected contentment, I will look by your next Letters to hear of the sum of my desire. In the mean time let me tell you, that I sent you fourscore broad Cloaths, and thirty Kerzies, with other such Commodities as I think fit for your use in those parts. I pray you make your best market, and take heed to whom you credit: for as I hear, there are men reputed of great wealth, in suspition of playing Bankrupts; have therefore the more care of your business, your travels shall not be unconsidered. Your French-Wines I hear this year are very small, and your Gascoin-Wines be very dear, Prunes cheap: but you know your markets, and I hope you will have a care of your money; for it is hardly come by, and, as this world goes, doth much in great matters. If there be any news of worth, acquaint me with them, and in anywise do not trouble me with untruths. Your Cousin tells me that you are in good regard with the Governour, for certain Cloaths which you bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion; for sometimes it is better to give than to save. In sum, let this suffice you, without farther circumstance;

You

you have my Lobe and my Purſe, I pray you have a care of both. So till I hear from you, I reſt,

Your loving Maſter, *T. P.*

His Anſwer.

SIr, I beſeech you miſtruſt not your truſt, nor have any fear of my care: For having both your Lobe and your Purſe, how can the one let me forget the other? No, Sir, be you aſſured, howſoever Bankers play Bankrupt, Pawns will deceive no credit: And touching ſuch affairs as I have in charge, doubt not of my diſpatch. Your Cloaths I have received, and like them very well; your Kerzies are very good, I would you had ſent more of them; for they are much in requeſt, and well ſold. I have by good hap met with an hundred tun of Gaſcoin-Wines upon a good market, as you may know by my Note. Wines are good and good cheap, and therefore I have ſent you greater ſtore of them: on the Fats you ſhall find the Mark with two letters of your name. By the next Paſt you ſhall hear what I need. In the mean time, having no intelligence of worth, loth to trouble you with trifles, glad to perform that duty that your kindneſs hath bound me to, wiſhing to live no longer than diſcharge the office of an honeſt care, praying for your long health and everlaſting happineſs, I humbly take my leave.

Your faithful Servant, *M. W.*

A Letter of Challenge.

MY wrongs are ſo many, that may no longer be digeſted; your excuſes ſo idle, as I will henceforth diſpiſe them: For your words are but wind, and therefore I am weary of them. And if you be not ſo cold in complexion that you dare maintain your Reputation, meet me to morrow early in the Morning, in ſome Field a mile out of Town, and bring with you ſuch Arms as you do ordinarily carry: Aſſign your place and hour, and fail not your appointment, that God the Judge of right may determine our wrongs, and the point of the Sword may put a period to our diſcourſes. Thus having blown over an idle paper with a few laſt words of my intent, anſwer me as I expect, or hear of me as it will fall out, in haſte,

Your Enemy till death, *T. P.*

The Anſwer.

WHat you have written to me, I return upon your ſelf, as loth to loſe time in anſwer of ſuch idleneſs. If you durſt go alone,

I would go with you; but let it suffice that I know you, and therefore mean not to trust you; but being a friend with you, and I am ready for you, come to my lodging as early as you will. And though I would be loth to break a sleep for you, yet I will take a little pains to answer you. As for the Field, we will cast lots for the place, where God and a good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrel; but I fear the point of the Sword will make a Comma to your coming; which if it do, you shall find what will follow. And so, leaving farther words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mine, *I. W.*

A Letter to a Friend for News.

COusin, I know you that live abroad in the World, cannot but hear of news every day, which we in the Country would be glad now and then to be acquainted with; your labour will not be much in writting, and for your kindness it shall not be unrequited. We hear much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing; but from you that know, I would be glad to learn. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the Man in the Moon hath fallen in love with a Star, and walking through the Clouds, was almost drowned in the Water; and that the Tumblers in the Forest have spotted a number of black Coneys; so that Rabbets are grown so dear, that a poor man may be glad of a piece of Mutton. It is said here with us in these parts, that you in the City are much troubled with a new Disease; truely we have reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in divers houses, what with shrewd Wives, and bad Husbands, stubborn Children, and wicked Servants, that many an honest man cannot live in quiet with his Neighbours. Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is a great increase of things, especially of Children, which how they may answer the Law, I'll not greatly stand upon. Thus having no matter of moment wherewith at this time to trouble you, entreating you that I may shortly hear from you, I rest in much affection,

Assuredly yours, *R. Q.*

His Answer.

MY good Cousin, to answer your kinde Letter, if there were any thing here worth the writting, I would not have been so long silent. But such are the occurrences in these places, as are either not worth the noting, or better concealed than written: For Love in Youth is full of idleness; and Malice in Age is so malicious, that Vertue is hid in corners, and there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the

Man

Man in the Moon, I leave him to wait on the Sun; but if he have a minde to any Star, I leave him to follow that Will-with't. For his watry Element, since it is all in Clouds, let it hang in the Air, I will not meddle with the lobe of Astronomy. For Coneys, I am no Warrener, therefore let them that have the keeping of the grounds look to their games; I have small sport in such idleness: but for a piece of Mutton, a young Lamb is worth five old Coneys; and he that is not glad of such a feast let him fast for his dinner. For our new Diseases, it is with many Men in the head, and Women in the tongue. Servants grow great Libertines, and Children are sick of their Parents: And for Neighbours, there is so much love in the streets, that there is almost none in the houses. And therefore besides other ordinary Diseases, we want no plagues to make us to look into our sins; but God amend all, for one will scarce amend another. And therefore entreating you to have patience with me till the next week, when you shall hear of the best news that comes to my hands, I rest in all bounden good will,

Yours as much as may be, *M. F.*

A dissuasion from Marriage.

Sweet Cousin, I am sorry to hear, that being so well at ease you will cozen your self of quiet; and for want of a worlds Hell, you will put your self in Purgatory with a Wife: But if it may be that I speak in time, hear what I say: If she be fair, it may breed jealousie; if foul, dislike and change: if rich, take heed of pride: if poor, misery: if young, beware the wanton; if old, take heed of the Beldam: if wise, she will govern thee; if foolish, fret thee; how dear soever she loves thee, she will sometime or other either cross thee or crown thee: And therefore if thou will be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, fair nor foul trouble thee. Believe me, as I have read, these are the properties of most Wives, to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humours. But if I be deceived in my reading, and my Author in his writting, either in altering your course, or probing your comfort, tell me your minde when we meet: Till when, wishing the continuance of that quiet wherein you now live, or the true contentment of the best love; leading to your own discretion the managing of your affection, I commit you to the Almighty.

Thine, what mine own, *N. B.*

His

His Answer.

GOod Cousin, I find your kindness above your knowledge, in mistaking Paradise for Purgatory: For a Wife is the wealth of the minde, and the welfare of the heart, where the best judgement of reason findes discretions contentment. May be, is a doubt; but what is, must be regarded, in which sence I am pleased. Where Youth with Beauty, and Wit with Vertue hath power to command, their kindness must obey. Poberty I fear not, and wealth I seek not: but it sufficeth me to seek no other fortune for the sum of my worlds happiness, where the abiding of evil, and the hope of good, makes me know more comfort than you are able to conceive, till you enter in that course, wherein the joy of love is the second blessedness of this life. What shall I say, but that I know not what to say to express the perfect neſs this pleasure, which puts down all idle imaginations? from which hoping to see thee removed when I see thee, till then and ever I rest,

Thine, as thou knowest, *D. E.*

A kind Letter of a Creditor for Money.

SIr, I pray you take it not unkindly that I write thus earnestly unto you, for more necessity than will hath urged me to it: My money is not so much, as you well able to discharge it; my losses by Sea, and ill Creditors by Land, make me strain courtesie with my friends for their help in an extremity, yet do I desire nothing but my due: but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receive with that fulness of good will that may continue our kindness. I write not this as doubting your discretion, but to entreat your patience, if your Purse be not in tune; for were I as I have been, and hope to be, I could rather bear too long, than ask too soon, especially of so good a friend as I have always found of your self. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindness answer me. Time is precious, and therefore left by disappointment I be disfurnished, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you speed your answer, which howsoever shall be welcome. Therefore earnestly entreating you to help me now, that I may the better requite your kindness hereafter, with many thanks for your great favours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserved, I take my leave, no further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able, ever to please you, to make you know how much I love you.

Your loving friend, *T. R.*

The

The Debtors Answer.

SIr, your request is so reasonable, and your kindness so much, that for a greater matter than you demand, if my Purse were not in tune, I would strain my credit very far for you: Bear then a little with my forgetfulness of the day, and think it not trouble to my patience to be put in minde of my credit. Your Sea-losses I am sorry for, and wish you recovery by Land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my self, to make you know how much interest you have in my affection, let me tell you, that though by some unexpected expences, I am short of my hoped reckening; yet upon the receipt of your Letter I have been thus careful for you; your money I have sent you, and as much more for so long time I will lend you, which you shall receive of this bearer, and in my Letter the day of payment; which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish, I am glad I had it for you: Howsoever it fall out, use it to your own discretion, and so far be always assured of my love, that my word and deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfeigned good will I rest always to my uttermost power,

Yours as my own, *L. W.*

A Letter of News.

TO performe my promise in my last Letter, my kind and best Cousin, you shall understand of such occurrents as I hear go currant and for truth. I hear there are certain old people that speak much of Prophecies; where they set it down for a certain Rule, that this year and many to come, he that wants money in his Purse, and a Friend in the Court, may walk in the Country and pick Straws for his comfort; for the Law is very dangerous for begging; a Charity is so cold, that the poor must starve rather than the rich will want. Old men shall never be young again in this world, and beauty in a young woman will not let her know her self. Honesty without Wit shall die on the Fool, and craft without credit shall labour to little purpose. In sum, there will be a great plague among the poor, with lack of honesty; but it may be Nature may alter her course in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contraries; howsoever it shall be welcome that comes in Gods Name. And so hoping thou lovest no Legerdemain, nor wilt be led away with blinde Prophecies, writing this onely of exercise for a merry humour, I rest,

Thine what mine own, *P. R.*

The

The Answer.

SUch idle Prophets as you meet with, have such kinde of matter as your writte of: But let the World wag as it list, there is not a truer Wag in the World than thy self: And were it not that I fear my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kinde: But to be short, let me tell you, that Laws are good to take order with such Outlaws, as after prodigality put themselves upon charity. And yet to cross your rule of little experience, old men may have young humours, fair Wenches put wise men to their wits; and honesty may thrive with a mean Trade, when a crafty knave may lose by his cunning dealing. As for the Plague, I fear it is never from you; for if Neighbours agree, yet their Wives may fall out; and while the poor fret and the rich frown, there is little hope of health where the World is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you have wit enough to beware the knave and the fool, and to make your choice of the best company, wishing you continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your wanton Letter, I rest in our old league,

Yours as mine own, *R. B.*

A Letter perswading to Marriage.

DEar Cousin, I do not a little wonder at your solitary life, and more at your little care to match your self in marriage with some Virgin worthy your love. Will you have the World without memory of your Name, your Inheritance to no issue of your own honour, and run a course of too little comfort? Methinks that your knowledge of the diversity of varieties should settle your content upon some special Vertue. What if some women be aged? some are youthful; and some froward, others may be kind; and some wanton, there are better staid; and some sullen, some are loving: and is there none can fit your humour? God forbid: The law of Nature, the law of Reason, the law of God doth will it, that Love breed increase by a vertuous conjunction, which cannot be performed without honour of this course. Bastards will be witness of their Parents wickedness, when natural Children are the joy of their Fathers; and a true loving Wife is worth a thousand wild Wanders; her care in the House, her kindness at the Table, and her comfort in the Bed, are pleasures better conceived than expressed: fall then aboard with such a Bird as you may hold for your Penny, and think thy minde at best liberty when it is free from the bonds of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy house a Home, thy Wife thy worlds love, and thy Children thy earths joys; which as I hope thou wilt be glad to have,

have, I shall be glad to see: For good speed whereof, in hearty prayers I rest,

Your loving Cousin, *E. S.*

His Answer.

My kinde Cousin, I see that you are better read than experienced; for Batchelors Wives and Maidens Children are pretty things to play withal; but he that knows many dangers will take heed of all. A Wife is an everlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature, is a perilous thing to meddle withal: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to sore pain; and the Phenix is such a figure, as if I must find her in a Woman, I fear me I must seek a great way for her. For the Laws that you speak of, I yield to truth; but Love is so nice a humour, that he seldom settles in a place. For Bastards, I love not the breed, and better Children will do well when they come. For bed & board, and those tricks, let them joy in them that have them; when I find time I will think of them: in the mean time, more at quiet in my lodging with a friend, than perhaps I may be at home with a Wife, not for swearing Marriage, nor posting to Purgatory instead of mistaken Paradise, wishing thy prayers for thy better happiness, than Lovers idleness; and if I do marry, to be kindly matched, I rest,

Thine ever as mine own, *J. C.*

A Letter of unkindness upon the denial of a courtesie.

If my deserts had not exceeded my desire, I would have hated the nature of my humour, which loves nothing less than to be too much beholding. My request was not so much, and the grant but easie; howsoever for ill fashion, the excuse may be cunningly framed. But though I conceive unkindness in this course, I can rather grieve than be angry; for I will mistrust my wit till I see too much of my sorrow, and love my friend, though I be plain with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tell you of my discontent, than to cover dissimulation, and to wish your better regard of my affection, which in denying a trifle, may lose a greater benefit. But not to go too far in impatience, let me thus grow to an end: Friendship once grounded, is not easily removed; and therefore being assured of my love, bear with my dislike; and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requital of unkindness; for I can chide and not be angry, and better love you than tell you so. And so entreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest, all displeasure set apart,

Your loving friend, *E. D.*

His Answer.

YOur humorous kind of writing puts me to study for an answer: for your anger without cause, may move cause of anger. You know you might command what I am, and will you have more? Conceit may be deceived, and so kindness abused; and suspition of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting; when seeing your own fault, you will not think amiss of your friend. Strive not then without cause, nor be carried away with conceit: and as you know my nature commands my love, which is far from the thought to make a friend beholding, be not discontent with a denial, till you have better reason of displeasure; but measure me with your self, and you shall finde small cause of difference: if there be any, let kindness dispute it, reason confess, and patience bear it; so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your self with this answer, till wee meet to talk further of the matter, I conclude with your kindness, and rest ever,

Yours as you know, *W. M.*

A Letter to an unthankful person.

I have heard that a Prince sometimes ordaining punishment of all offences, left ingratitude for the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough. The tale may well be true, considering the bitterness of such a nature, as I think the like liveth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not only forget, but abuse my kindness, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow? I could not have believed it, had not I too well proved it: but I wish you could leave the humour, lest it make a loathsome baseness; yet I will learn to know the condition of so much bitterness, and as well warn my friends from an enemy, as further abuse my own wit with so misleading a friend. In brief therefore let me tell you, as I know you I regard you, and as I found you I leave you, as one fit if there lacked a Card to be put into the stock for a wicked pair. And so sorry to have lost so much time to write to you, I wish all the world that knows you to hate you.

Your Enemy from the heart, *R. L.*

His Answer.

HOw strangely men will write, whom impatience hath put out of order! A good turn is lost when it is cast into the receivers teeth, and abuse

abuſe miſconceived can hardly be well excuſed. Conſider better of what is done, than wrong the meaning of a good friend, and you ſhall finde without excuſe no true cauſe of diſpleaſure. If the information of malice have moved choler without indignation, poor men muſt endure the miſery of evil time. Againſt my ſelf I will confeſs nothing, but refer time to decide all doubts, when truth ſhall ſhew the differences between a ſhadow and a better ſubſtance. So leaving ill humours to like minds, and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to finde you your ſelf, which will be far enough from that you write, in ſpite of the Devil I commit you to God, and to I reſt,

Your friend whether you will or no, *T. L.*

A Letter to laugh at, after the old faſhion of love, to a Maid.

AFter my hearty commendations, truſting in God that you are in good health, as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my Brothers and Siſters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cauſe of my writting to you at this time is, that MARGERY, I do hear ſince my coming from Wakefield, when you know what talk we had together at the ſigne of the blue Cuckoe, and how you did give me your hand, and ſwear that you would not forſake me for all the world; and how you made me buy a Ring and a Purſe, that coſt me eighteen pence, which I left with you, and you gave me a Napkin to wear in my Hat, I thank you, which I will wear to my dying day. And I marvel, if it be true as I hear, that you have altered your mind, and are made ſure to my neighbour HODGINS younger Son. Truly MARGERY, you do not well in ſo doing, and God will plague you for it; and I hope I ſhall live and if I never have you; for there are more Maids than MARIE, and I count my ſelf worth the whiſtling after. And therefore praying you to write me your anſwer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how the matter ſtands with you, I commit you to God.

From *Gallow-Green.* Your true Love, *R. P.*

Her Anſwer.

TRuely MADGER, I did not look for ſuch a Letter from your hands; I would you ſhould know I ſcorn it. Have I gotten my Father and Mother'e till will for you, to be ſo uſed at your hands? I perceive and if you be ſo jealous already, you would be ſomewhat another day; I am glad I finde you, that you can believe any thing of me: but it is no

 matter,

matter, I care not, ſend me my Napkin, and you ſhall have your Ring and your Heart, for I can have enough if I never ſee you more; for there are more Batchelors than ROGER, and my penny is as good ſilver as yours: And therefore ſeeing you are ſo lufty, even put up your pipes, for I will have no more to do with you; and ſo unſaying all that ever hath been ſaid betwixt us, make your choice where you lift, I know where to be beloved, and ſo I end,

From *Wakefield*. *S. H.*

From a Father to a Son, adviſing againſt ſuretiſhip.

My Son, I hope ſo well of your diſpoſition, that you will not unkindly conceive of that which in love I write: for ſuch is the nature of my affection, as I had rather be underſtood in careful adviſing you for your good, than fond winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am ſorry to hear, but would be more agrieved to believe, that you are very ready to write your Name under Bills and Obligations; by which, as well for your own idle expences, as to pleaſure others in hurting your ſelf, you begin to take up ſo faſt, that I fear you will be ſo low taken down, that you will hardly ever riſe again. Believe me, Son, Suretiſhip is a ſtrong enemy to a good Nature, which may ſooner pay three, than receive one; and therefore among other things that I would have you to take heed of, let Suretiſhip be one of the chiefeſt. What you can ſpare your friend, deny him not; but as you love your liberty, beware of ſealing and delivering. Play is but loſs of time that might be better employed; for the gain is but ungracious, and the loſs is often grievous; and therefore uſe it little, and rather for company than pleaſure. Dancing I allow of, but let not your legs fling away your wit, in waſting your wealth; ſpend by meaſure, howſoever your muſick make you dance. Be careful of thy ſpeech, thrifty in thy expence, wary of thy company, and jealous of thy friend: ſerve God, and fear not the Devil; what thou needeſt let me know, and in the care of my counſel let me ſee thy love; of which having no doubt, and therefore wiſhing thee all good, deſirous ſhortly to hear from thee, I reſt,

Your loving Father, *N. W.*

The Anſwer.

My dear Father, far be it from my heart to have an unkind thought of ſo kind a Father, in whoſe good advice reſteth the moſt part of my worldly happineſs. What you have heard, I beſeech you not to believe

liebe of me. I have seen in others so great mischief and misery to ensue upon Surerishipp, that I rather wish never to write, than to subscribe me ruined: For so few pay their own debts, and so many pay for others, till they have nothing to pay for their own, that who keeps my friendshipp for that end, shall miss of my love to another; and therefore fear not what you hear, but believe what I say. Touching play, I love not to trouble my brain with idleness, nor lose time in the abuse of hope. For dancing, as it is not an exercise that I do not mislike, so it is not so much my delight, but I can rather leave it than love it: but for my expences, fear not so much my little care of your charge, nor less regard of your love, in which, under Heaven, holding my hearts chief happiness, in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I take my leave,

Your obedient Son, *D. W.*

To a familiar friend.

HAving little matter wherewith to entertain your expectation, I have been enforced to study for nothing. By this Bearer I knew you look to hear from me; and to salute you with silence were a cold commendation: Let it therefore suffice to hear of my health, and the good passages of all the proceedings touching your Law-causes; wherein if my love faint in labour, I will leave to be my self. Ere it be long I shall have occasion to come near you, when a few miles shall not be much out of my way to see you; when, if your Falcons be in tune, I shall be glad to see a flight. So soon as conbentently you may, I pray you let me hear from you; and if you come to the Town, let my house be your Inne; where making your own welcome, I hope we shall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer than I would be, I commend my love to your kindness, and so rest always,

Your assured loving friend, *E. B.*

The Answer.

HE that hath his wits at commandment, needeth little to study; and therefore being prohibited of invention, a little matter will serve the turn. If of nothing you make so much, what would you do with a little more? Thus I write, to meet with your humour, which in silence speaks more, than he who talks too much to less purpose. In brief, for your kind Letter I thank you, for your care of my business I will have care of you, and for your self onely I love you. If you have occasion to come down, use my house as your own. My Faulcon hath killed a Partridge,

tridge, but of her flight I will make no brags; but when you come, you shall see sport that I am perswaded will like you. In the mean time, glad to hear of your health, the continuance whereof I heartily pray for, wishing assoon as conveniently I may to see you, that we may try a Course with our Grey-hounds for a fat Buck. Having now no matter of import wherewith to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend, *E. F.*

To a familiar Friend.

EIther Paper is scant, your Affairs are great, or your Spirit is lazie, that in so many Weeks I have not heard from you, so much as how you do. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to hear, that either lack of health or liberty be not the cause of your silence: pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to ease the trouble of imagination; and in a sufficient excuse set my thoughts at quiet; which being much distempered through doubt of your health, I have sent this bearer on purpose to you, whom I beseech you in all love return to me with all speed. News we have none worth the writing, and therefore knowing your Spirit desirous not to be troubled with Toys, in that hearty love as holds you as dear as my life, wishing no greater worlds comfort, than in the continual enjoying of your happy company, hoping shortly to see you here, which can be no sooner than long wished, and shall be ever most welcome, in the unfeigned affection of a true friend, I rest,

Yours as mine own, *E. H.*

The Answer.

I Perceive it is true, that I have often heard, that love is not without jealousie, but as fearful of hurt, as careful of good. But to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know, my health is as you left it, I thank God for it: my affairs are not much, but I could salute my friend; nor my spirit so lazie, but I could write a Letter to my so much beloved; and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last week I wrote to you by your Fathers Bayliff, who I marvel hath not delivered it ere this time. In that Letter you shall finde my minde touching your suit in Court, which I fear, if it be tedious, will prove more chargeable than commodious; but observing a good course, a good opportunity may be prosperous. In my Letter I have

have written at full unto you, wherein I hope you will clear all suspition of any fault in my silence, and expect my coming down ere it be long: In the mean time, with hearty thanks for all kindness, without any further needless complement, I rest,

Yours as my own, *G. P.*

A Love-Letter.

FAirest Mistris, if upon so small conference words may have credit, she shall not live whose favour shall command more of my service; for such is the unfeigned affection in which I have devoted my self to your employment, that if there be a Heaven in this World, I will seek that Paradise but in your kindness. Think not that I seek with Eloquence to creep in your good opinion; for I had rather be, than seem to be, him that you will I shall be. For such being your worthiness, of far more honour than the service of my affection; mistrust not his truth who hates the thought of dissimulation, and wishing no greater happiness than in the honour of your commandment, for loving but you, being favoured by you, I cannot be happy but in you. To court you with flattery, is too common a folly, and to bribe your kindness with a conceit of baseness; but to avow your service, let it be the duty of love, which from your Heart to my Eyes be a messenger of my true thoughts; who with all their might to my uttermost power, have conjured me with true service.

Yours onely and wholly, *G. P.*

The Answer.

GOod Sir, to abuse your kindness, were as ungratious, as to admit your service might be dangerous: and therefore not unthankful for your offer, give me leave to consider of the acceptation: A sudden passion holds not, and a first view may be deceitful; lead not then your Heart by your Eyes to the hurt of your spirit, and seek not happiness in commandment where liberty is so much contentment. Liking may be short of love, and fancy may be mistaken in the true felicity: But if truth hath devoted your love, honour will be the reward of your service; which if you shall proffer to one more worthy, you shall make your self the more happy. For my self, I will think the best, till I finde the contrary; but to avoid the worst, blame me not to be careful: a good beginning, with a better proceeding, promiseth a blessed ending; which wishing you in all these courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, having occasion of your employment, in a friendly title of com-

mand.

mandment, ready to acquit that kindness that is so honourable in construction, I rest as I finde cause,

Your loving friend, *M. R.*

To a familiar Friend.

HAving so fit a messenger, I could not let him pass without some remembrance of my love unto you; wherein if I may any ways pleasure you, I will be redier to performe it than speak it. Touching such things as you wrote unto me by the Carrier, I have taken such order for them, as I hope will be to your content; not a little glad that I had so good an opportunity to speak with the parties so soon upon your Letter: I assure you I found them as tractable as you could wish, I have staied all causes till your coming to Town, when, I hope to bring all matters to a good end. I have sent you by this bearer a runlet of Sack, I hope not of the worst; howsoever it be, I wish it better than it is: I pray you take it in good part, and write me word how you like it, that I may either thank my Vintner, or change him. News here are none, but old or false; and therefore onely wishing you all happiness, with my hearty commendations to your self, and to your good bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty.

London, this 10 of *April* 1685. Your loving Friend, *F. C.*

An Answer.

I Have received your kinde Letter and friendly Token, for both which, with many other good favours, I most heartily thank you: And for the care of my business, be you assured it shall not be forgotten. I will be at LONDON if I can within this moneth, when you shall rule me in all things as you list. I am glad you have spoken with them, and hope by your good means to have peace after a long war. If it had not been for my Ague, I had been with you the last week: but assoon as I am found I intend to see you: in the mean time in requital of your Sack I have sent you a fat Doe; which if it prove like your Wine, I am sure it will pass with Warrant: as it is, I commend it to your kindness, and my self to your commandment. And so hoping of your good health, which I pray for as mine own, with thanks to your Wife for my WAMBUK Chase, for which I have sent her a pound of Pepper that she wrote to me for, ready in what may lie in my power to pleasure either any one, or both of you as one, I take my leave at this time, but rest allways,

Gunthorpe, April, 1685. Your poor Friend, *M. R.*

A Letter of love to a fair Miſtriſs.

SWeet Lady, if the reach of my capacity could climb the hope of your favour, it ſhould be a ſtrange piece of ſervice that I ſhould refuſe at your commandment: but when I think of your nobleneſs, and then behold mine own unworthineſs, I can but ſwallow up thoſe ſighs, and dare ſpeak nothing of my love. And yet when I know that the eyes of Honour regard Vertue in no little grace in the ſervice of Honour I can fear no ill fortune: in the nature of which humbleneſs, throwing my heart into your hands, at the feet of your favour, laying the height of my hopes happineſs, till occaſion of employment, and ever devoted to your Commandment, I reſt without reſt, till I may ever onely and wholly reſt,

Yours in all I am, or not to be my ſelf at all, *D. G.*

Her Anſwer.

SIr, I heard it of the wiſe, thus: if hope climb to Honour, Vertue is a good hold, whoſe ſervice the moſt noble do moſt favourably entertain: in the nature of which humour if your affection be grounded, have no fear of Fortune, howſoever Envy be your Enemy. Who ſpeaks all in ſaying nothing, may underſtand an anſwer by the like reaſon, and think that hand unworthy honour, that will not kindly regard the heart of Love: Leave then the ſighs of fear to the faithleſs, and ſwallow not a Gudgeon in a dream; but as you find cauſe of honour, ſo perform either your love or ſervice, which too good for an unworthy, reſerve for your better fortune. And ſo in the beſt ſort of kindneſs, ready to requite your good meaning, I reſt in what I may,

Your aſſured friend, *N. L.*

Roger to *Margery* his Sweet-heart.

MARGERY, I have received your ſnappiſh Letter, whereby I ſee you are more angry than I thought you would have been for a miſword or two; but I hope to amend what is amiſs, for I ſee I was to blame: for now I find the knavery of the World, I will look a little better to my ſelf; for it was your Couſins doings to deviſe lies, to ſet you and me out; but if you will be ruled by me, we will meet with them well enough. Upon Friday I will meet you at the Market, where we will have a Cake and a Pot at the Pickerel and the Spur; there we will ſtrike up a bargain that will not be broken in haſte: and ſo for my with all

my heart that I have done as I have done, ſending the twenty Nobles by my Siſter PARNEL, and this bowed Groat for a Love-token, I reſt,

Yours from all the world, *R. B.*

Her Anſwer.

O RODGER, the World is well amended: I thought you were miſſed, to write to me as you did; but friends are nere ſo far out, but they may be as far in again; and therefore ſince it was againſt your will, I forgive you with all my heart; and let my Couſin do his worſt, I will not go from my word. On Friday I will meet you at ten of the Clock, and bring you a piece of Bacon in my Pocket, to reliſh a cup of Ale, when it ſhall go hard, if all hit right, but ſome body ſhall wipe their Noſe for their knavery. And ſo RODGER, hoping that you will no more abuſe me as you have done, to believe lies and tales of me, till you know the truth, treading all unkindneſs under foot, I reſt with all my heart, as I was and will be ever,

Yours as you know, *M. R.*

From a Yeoman in the Country to his Son in *London*.

SOn, you know what charges I have been at with you, as well in bringing you up to London, as in furniſhing you for your Preferment; all which I hope you will have ſuch a care of, that I ſhall not think any thing loſt that I have done for you. In anywiſe ſerve God, pleaſe your Maſter, and be careful of ſuch things as you are put in truſt with: be rather an example of good than of evil, and have patience with all things, howſoever you are croſt in your expectation. Beware of evil company, and pride, and drunkenneſs: take heed of following fair Women. I ſhall be glad to hear well of you, and as I ſee you thrifty, you ſhall finde me kind. Your Maſter is an honeſt man, and a good trade is gainful; but I hope I need not be too earneſt in adviſing thee for thy welfare. God who hath created thee, I hope will bleſs thee, that I ſhall have joy of thee; and for my ſelf, with my bleſſing, I have ſent thee here incloſed a token of my love; uſe it to thy good: ſhortly, God willing, thou ſhalt hear further from me; in the mean time and ever, I reſt,

Your loving Father, *N. T.*

An Anſwer of the Son to his Father.

MY good Father, I have received your kind Letter and Token, for which I humbly thank you: and for ſuch things as you wiſh me to have

have care of, be you assured I will not be unmindful of. For my Master, I thank God he putteth me in trust more than I will speak, and useth me so kindly, that I were a Jew if I should deceive him: but my Mistris is so perilous a woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her, but all the house may learn patience of my Master; and therefore I will feed her humour, and let her have her saying. For Women, when I mean to wive I will take choice; and for evil company, I hope God will bless me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore fear not, I hope one day to give you cause to think all well bestowed that you have or will lay out for me. I have sent you by this Bearer a Hawking-bag, my Mother a pair of Gloves, and my Sister a Girdle. My Master hath him heartily commended to you, and to my Mother, and desires you to send him a good Cheese, which he will requite: He hath sent my Mother a pound of Sugar, and giveth her thanks for her fine Puddings. This is all that at this time I have to write unto you; and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health and long life, with my humble duty to you, and my good Mother, and commendations to all my friends, I commit you to the Almighty.

London. Your loving Son, *N. T.*

To a Wife in the Country.

GOod Wife, in all kindness I commend thee to thy self, assuring thee, that I think it long till I have dispatched my business and am at home again; but I hope of good success in my suit: For my Council doth warrant my case clear. Upon Friday next I shall have a Trial, which I doubt not will go on my side; if it do not, my thought is taken: For I thank God I can live without it, though I would be loth to lose it. My health I thank God I have well, and pray for the same to thee and thine. I pray you send me up twenty pounds by this Bearer with all speed, and within five days after the dispatch of my business expect my coming down: In the mean time, kiss my little Babes for me, to whom with thy self, I send my hearts hoping commendations; and so in haste I commit thee to the Almighty.

London. Your very loving Husband, *R. T.*

Her Answer.

SWeet-heart, your Messengers haste makes me briefer than otherwise I would be. The good dispatch of your business I hope, and

heartily pray for you; your health I am glad of, and your return cannot be so soon as wished for. Your Money I have sent by this Bearer: your little ones with my self would be glad to see you, who do not a little miss you, for divers causes too tedious at this time to trouble you withal: but in anywise remember the Girls Cawle. Good Husband, make one end or other with it this Term, lest delays and demurs make you to spend in it more than it is worth: but you know what to do better than I can advise you; therefore leaving it to your discretion to do what shall best please you, I commit you to God, and rest in haste,

Kaulkeley. Your very loving Wife, *M. T.*

A Letter upon ordinary Causes.

SIr, it is given me to understand by some that lately came from those parts, that from the Islands there have arrived of late certain men, that by a cross wind and sudden tempest are driven into your Harbours: if it be true, and that they lie there for any time, I pray you fail me not to buy me a hundred of Ling, as much Haberdine, and other Fish, such as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly; what you lay out, you shall upon your Letter have paid here in LONDON to whom you shall direct it. I have sent you down by the Carrier a piece of broad cloth, the same colour whereof you wrote unto me; I am assured it will be to your liking: if you need any more, or any thing else that may lie in my power, I pray you make as bold of me as any friend you have. Cod-fish and Poor-john I have no need of; and therefore hoping that you will husband my Purse as a friend, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

London, this 8th of *May*, 1978. Your loving friend, *M. B.*

The Answer.

SIr, your Letter and piece of Cloth I have received, for which I heartily thank you; for which you shall receive Money by my Cousin at DICE KEY, when it please you to send unto him: but for the Fishermen, indeed they put in for a night, but in the morning the wind came fair, and they put to Sea again: so that except a few Ling that they bestowed upon our Mayor and Bayliffs, for some fresh Victuals that they had from us, there was little bought here at this time; but we hear of them, that shortly we shall have a Fleet come by us; when, if there be any good to be done, I will not fail to befriend you to your content:

tent: in the mean time, wishing any good occasion wherein I might requite your kindness, in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I commit you to God.

Yarmouth, this 5 of *May*, 1678. Yours assured to command, *T. D.*

A Letter to a Friend to dispatch business.

I Am bold to entreat your kindness, to stead me in what you may touching the purchase of the Mills and Hop-gardens; for which if your neighbour will take mine offer, I am for him, or else I must otherwise determine of my money that I have reserved onely for that use. I am offered great penny-worths in divers places; but the Air pleaseth me well about that house, & the little Trouts in the Brooks have made me have a great minde to dwell thereabouts: if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you; if not, let me know his minde, and I am satisfied: for to tell you the truth, I would have it, though it cost me more than it is worth. And so entreating you to do me what good you can herein, for which you shall not find me unthankful, I rest,

Your loving friend, *J. W.*

The Answer.

I Received your Letter, dated xiii of this month, whereby I understand your minde touching the Lease of the two Mills and Hop-gardens, but I cannot bring it to pass one penny under the sum whereupon he tells me you were in a manner agreed: The man is hard, but very honest, and the Land good, and lieth finely to the House; the Soil is healthful, and there is good store of Springs: besides, the River is not far off, whereby you may have carriage weekly from the City upon a small reckoning: but use your discretion; the price you know, and me you may command; but time would not be deferred, for there are many about it: and therefore leaving to your discretion either to take it or refuse it, with assurance of my help to the utmost of my power, either in this, or what else may pleasure you, I always rest,

Yours as you know, *T. D.*

A Letter of Love betwixt *Rinaldo* and *Lorina*.

FAirest of the world, and sweetest of the earth, the beauty of whose eyes puts the best wits to admiration, and the wisdom of whose government commands the honour of lobes service: How should my amazed

spirit

spirit hope of power to presume near the happiness of your favour? No, Fortune is my ever sworn enemy, and desert must take place in a higher reach than the longest arm of my unworthiness: yet let me not be so deprived of Reason, that I may not look into the nature of Vertue, where Honour in kindness makes Beauty angelical; but in the humility of affection, to offer the employment of my service; in which if I fail the expectation of your affection, upon the commendation of insufficiency, let disgrace be my deadly punishment, where in the Labyrinth of sorrow I may languish all my days: but if the Fates be not too forward in crossing the indeabours of my duty, be you gracious unto love, that hath wholly sworn me your servant: with which title if I may be honoured, I will seek no other colours of my comfort. But fearing your unknown occasions of affairs, I will not be tedious to your patience, but rest ever in my love,

Your avowed, though not allowed, servant, *Rinaldo.*

The Answer.

WIttiest of a hundred, and craftiest of a thousand, whose eloquence like enchantment, would take prisoner a weak judgment: How should my simple capacity conceive the drift of your advice? Fortune is but a fiction, and therefore it is no matter for her friendship, while desert hath power in the preferment of duty, and love in vertue gives an honour to beauty; where, if reason be careful, affection may be joyful: But leave Angels to the Heaven, and take heed of Devils upon Earth, which under the Cloak of Humility hide the Head of Ambition. Perfection hath no affinity with Corruption; and what the Heavens determine, the world must endure. But in flattery of my perfection you have deceived my expectation; who imagining you wise, am sorry to see the contrary: And if I might be Judge, the Law would quickly have its course; where dissimulation appearing, should be condemned to perpetual disdain: but hoping better of your humour, than to wrong the simplicity of belief, let the patience of affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of sorrow to the Mountain of that bliss, whose vertue may give you grace: to the attainment whereof, leaving your thoughts to their best issue, I rest as I may,

Your friend, *Lorina.*

A Reply.

THe high honour of your vertue, that from the merit of your graces flieth through the world so far beyond Fame, as makes her amazed

of

of her wonder, ſo dampeth the power of my ſpirit, that as an eye which is beholding the Sun, twinkleth with the Lids for fear to loſe the ſight; ſo the humble eye of my Heart, that in beholding the bright Beams of your ſunny Beauty, trembling in fear for preſumption to loſe the life of lowes hope, ſubmitteth it ſelf to the will of that power, which in pity may ſave, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the Feet of your fair hath laid the height of his felicity. Shew therefore the heavenly nature of that vertue, which may purchaſe you worthy honour. Take not pleaſure in deſtruction, that may be gracious in comfort; but lead the Heart by your Eye, that hateth the light, but in your love; where in the glaſs of cleareſt grace, truth may ſee her beauty unſpotted: and honour in truths ſervice crave but the entertainment of employment: in which time ſhall confirm that care ſhall ever conclude. My thoughts ſhall be onely honoured in your ſervice, and my love ever happy in your Commandment: in hope whereof, if I may, I will reſt,

Yours ever, *Rinaldo.*

Her Anſwer.

THe low courſe in lowes comfort that you take to lead you into my liking, is too far from the nature of good deſert; that I know not whether ſilence were a fit anſwer to idleneſs, or reprehenſion a juſt reward for indiſcretion: and therefore in doubt what to do, pardon me if I do not as I would; for although wiſdom would admit no cauſe of danger, yet courteſie is ſuch a Law in nature, as is too great a friend to love. Yet if I could chide and not be angry, I could wiſh you leave a creeping climbing, leſt you be thought a baſer creature than may ſtand with the honour of your condition. Leave a twinkling eye to owly ſights, and figure not the Sun in the cypher of a ſhadow: nor preſume farther than you may paſs without fear; but in ſubmiſſion uſe that diſcretion that may maintain the reputation of affection; and be perſwaded that vertue cannot be ungracious, howſoever folly run upon deſtruction. Further is hateful to nature, and love is the joy of reaſon: what then ſhould trouble a good ſpirit that is poſſeſſed of no ill humour, but in the reſolution of honour to build the hope of his happineſs, and white colours are fitteſt for Painters, to march under the Enſigne of truth; where in the field of Fame Virtue carrieth the victory: to the trial of which ſervice, leaving the happy event of your adventures, I reſt as I may,

Your poor friend, aſſured, *Lorina.*

A familiar Letter to a Friend in the Country.

HOw near ingratitude is to forgetfulness, I would be loth my silence should make proof, especially knowing the kinde welcome of my unworthy Letters: and therefore understand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired, and our substance (if we may so term our dearest treasure) little diminished; but our mindes, through want of your company, not so merry as when you were with us: For the fusty spirits of unseasoned wits, who understand no other wealth than their own will, make time tedious; which were it better exercised, would be more pleasing: and so to tell you truth, were not Books my better friends, I should be subject to much melancholy. But my Library, though but little, stands me in much good stead; in which if there be any Book that may pleasure you, I pray you make use of it: and so soon as you well may, let me entreat you return, & till then your often writing, that we may joy in your health, which, as I hope of, I daily pray for. News here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether uncertain what to believe, till I have further certain intelligence, I will crave pardon at this time, and rest always,

Your assured friend, *M. T.*

His Answer.

IN reading your Letter, than which nothing but your self can be more welcome; methinks I see the meeting of two Lovers in a morning, who surely dreaming of each other in their sleep, scarce well awake, come out with a kinde of wonder, O Lord, how have you done since yesternight! so may I say to you. It is not a full week since we were together, and shall we fear silence for so little a while? But what shall I say? it is a pleasant humour to solicite love, & content to the minde to continue quietness; which fortune crossing in want of presence, wit can work in spight of absence: let then the muddy Fish dwell in miry Lakes, and the better natures seek sweet places. And for thy Library, I will not make thee jealous of my love; but let me tell thee, they are most sweet companions, and so for their own sakes esteem them: and though I love them, yet I will not deprive thee of any of them: for to an understanding spirit they are a kinde of Paradise. Now for my health, I thank God I need no Physick; and for my Purse, it hath bent enough for letting my Money grow rusty; and for my mind, to tell you the truth, it is with God and thee, with whom I hope to be shortly; till when, and then, and ever, I rest,

Yours what mine own, *N. B.*

A Letter of the Father to his Son at the University.

MY dear Son, as nothing can joy the heart of a Father more than the obedience of a loving Child, so can there be nothing more grievous than a stubborn spirit of an ungracious Son. I speak this to thee, knowing thy years and understanding able to digest the consideration of my desire; which in sum is my joy in thy good. For let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my credit for thy advancement; to which Learning being a speedy and assured good means, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit in such fruits of thy study, as with the blessing of God may hasten thy preferment. I am sorry to tell thee, that I hear thy deligence doth not answer my desire, and I would gladly wish it otherwise; but I hope a kinde admonition will suffice to work a good nature, and therefore will rather hope the best than doubt the contrary: and in the love of a Father, let me entreat thee to avoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy than a friend. The Feminine Sex are dangerous to affect; for as they will be alls of time, so with hindrance of study they will produce expence. The exercise of thy body I admit for thy health; but let thy love be in thy learning, else wilt thou never be a good Scholar; for desire and delight are the best Masters both of Art and Knowledge, while Reason vertuous makes Understanding gracious. And therefore not out of the bitter humour of displeasure, but the careful nature of affection, I write unto thee for thine own good; and so praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to bless thee, with my hearts love, to the Lords blessing I leave thee.

Your loving Father, *H. N.*

An Answer of the Son to the Father.

AFter the bands of humble duty, my good Father, I have received your most kind and loving Letter, in which how much joy I have received, I cannot express, fearing rather your sharp rebuke, than loving admonition; but God himself, who can, doth work more in some natures with a kinde chiding, than in some other with many stripes. I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore thus kindly touch the hurt of unheedfulness; for which how much I do humbly thank you, I hope my care of your counsel in time shall pleasingly tell you: therefore for what ill you have heard, grieve not; and of the good you may hear, doubt not: and believe me, for I will not abuse your trust; what vanity soever I have seemed to affect, my Book hath been the Mistriss of my love, in which how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the ef-

fect of Gods blessing; without the which, how dangerous are divers studies to the understanding of ungracious sprites, I would it were not known in any, and I pray God that none may know it in me. My preferment I leave to Gods pleasure, who best knows how to dispose of his servants; and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience. Your health, as the worlds happiness, I pray for: mine own moderate exercise, with abstinence from excess, doth with Gods blessing hold me in good state: and for the Feminine Sex, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them than be acquainted with them; for I allow of your Opinion touching them: and so hoping that ere long you shall receive as much content of my courtes, as you have ever doubted the contrary, in the duty of my humble love, I take my leave for this time, but rest always,

Your dutiful Son, *R. N.*

To his dear and only beloved Mistris, *Susan Pearl.*

SWeetest of my thoughts, and dearest of my love; if reason had the power to express the nature of the passion, I am perswaded that the eye of thy beauty would vouchsafe a kind look upon the heart of my love, which continually languishing in the doubt of my affection, desireth not to live but in comfort of thy kindness. Loth I am with ceremonious eloquence to move suspition of truth, yet an Oriental Pearl would be set in pure gold. Gross speeches fit not fine spirits; and for your self, I will rather honour than flatter you: and if I may serve you, I will so well deserve of you, that I will lay the hope of my worlds happiness upon the honour of your favour. Setting aside all care of other contentment, I have bequeathed my life to your love; in which, if I fail in the truth of your trust, let me receive the reward of your disgrace, which is more direful than death can be. Let me but entreat your admission of my service, belief of my love, and regard of my trial; which, be it in deed or in minde, shall have no rest but in your pleasure. What shall I say, but time is precious, and delayed patience in passion is most grievous: hasten therefore, I beseech you, the hope of my desire in the happiness of your Commandment, and let no cloud of mistrust bar me the light of your love, which being on the earth the onely bright Star that leads me to the worlds Heaven, let me live as in death, till I may revive in this comfort: in hope whereof, and desire of which, laying the Hand of my fortune at the Feet of your honour, I rest with little rest, till I may fully and and wholly rest,

Yours all, or mine own nothing at all, *T. L.*

FINIS.

TO THE READER.

READer, I know not what you are, and therefore cannot well tell what to ſay; oneiy this at adventure: If you be wiſe, you will not play the Fool, in ſcoffing at that which perhaps may deſerve a better countenance: If you be not wiſe, I can but pray for your better underſtanding: howſoever you be, I will hope the beſt of you, that you will think of my Work as it deſerves, which is as much as I deſire. If you get any good by it, thank me for it; if hurt, thank your ſelf for your abuſe of that might ſerve you better. This is all I can and will at this time ſay unto you: My intent was to pleaſure many, and you may be one of them; and to hurt none at all, therefore not you. So leaving my Book to your liking; as it falleth out, I reſt, as I have reaſon,

Your Friend,

Nicholas Breton.

The

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A POAST WITH A PACQUET OF LETTERS.

Nicholas Breton

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A POAST WITH A PACQUET of LETTERS.

A Letter between the Knight *R. M.* and the Lady *E. R.*

SWeet should be that Spirit, which through the instinct of love understandeth the silence of truth, whose Tongue is the Heart, whose Words are Sighs, in which are hidden the secret fruit of those trees that onely grow in the Paradise of Reason. Vouchsafe then, fair Eye, more bright than the Sun beams, with one insolent glance of your Graces favour, to bless this rude and unworthy Paper; the which if it hath made you any way offended, in the fire conper; the which if it hath made you any way offended, in the fire consume it; but if through the power of the Fates, or the effect of your kindness, it may do you the least pleasure, let him be metamorphosed to worse than nothing, that would be any thing but that Letter, during your reading, or ever any other thing than at your pleasure in your service; for that under Heaven having no course of comfort but in my thought, that shall seek sweetness in either sense: So looking for no felicity but in the nest of the Phenix, which is in the admiration of honour, in humility of love I rest,

Yours devoted to be commanded, *R. M.*

Her Answer.

WIsdom might well appear in that Heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that spirit, that with the figures of love deceives the sense of simplicity; which not suspecting evil, finds seldom other substance. Oh poor truth, how is thy title made a shadow of deceit, while inseeking of Paradise, folly falls into Hell? yet not to wrong any creature, happy may he live that makes Faith his felicity, and pardoned be that Paper that does but his Masters message: then let sighs be buried in the death of forgetfulness, while silence understandeth that Virtue speaketh: and in the fire of that flame whose heat is more felt and seen, be that Letter burned that offends me with pleasure. So assuring my self, that if from the Nest of the Phenix you pass without a Feather, either the figure will be a Cypher, or the fancy Affection. So leaving your thoughts to a blessed issue, I rest, affectionately,

Yours in what I may, *E. R.*

His

His Reply.

UNworthy should that heart be of the least of lobes happinels, that can habe power to gibe place to the poylon of deceit: and moze than miserable were the life that to Hell makes such a passage. Oh blessed creature do not think the Wozld to be the Cabe of the accursed, noz do a wzong to lobe in the suspition of truth. Simple Faith hath no fear, and true lobe cannot fain; but if silence be the onely answer of expectation oz comfozt, hope in obscurenels must seek the happinels of desire: but let Fancy be a Cypher, when Faith knows no fiction; but let your fabour be the Feather in the nest of my honours Phenix: which till I may kindly receibe, I shall in the Sun-beams of your bertue consume to the ashes of discomfozt: in which, commending the sum of my life to the true and honourable serbice of lobe, I rest,

Yours what mine own, *R. M.*

The Answer.

UNgratious is that spirit, that thzough suspition of deceipt doth injury to lobe; and blessed is that fancy that libes onely by Faith: sweet is the War, where kindnels ends the quarrel; and little the hurt, where hope is a most present and ready help: In bzief, they are blind trabellers, that in seeking to finde Heaben, go to Hell: and if Lobe be him that he hath life in assurance; let it then suffice you to finde the due of desert, where Desire exceeds not limits of Reason. So in the nature of that honour, that gibes bertue her best gzace, commending the comfozt of your care to the condition of your conceit, I rest as I habe occasion to equal honour in true affection,

Yours as I find cause, *E. R.*

A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like familiar.

HOnesty, I bope I am in the right, except the great Wind habe blow clean away your best wit. Gibe me leabe, spite of your teeth, to tell you that I lobe you; and lest I should grow deaf, I would be glad to hear of you: and therefoze habing a fit messenger, I thought it not amiss to wzite; not foz any thing I habe to say, but that while I think of you, you should see I will not fozget you: Foz though complements are but idle, yet they make wozds instead of other matter. Now to the purpose; you shall understand, that at the wzitting hereof, a sudden occasion of business made me make an end ere I begun; and therefoze intending to wzite I know not what, to abzidge my conceit I know not

not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to think what you list, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, assoon as conveniently you can, I may meet with you when and where it shall please you: for, as you know, I am for you in all kindness to quit you; and so to him that made, ever to bless and keep you, with my hearty commendation, I leave you.

Yours what mine own, *N. B.*

An Answer to the same.

MErry Gig, I am sure I am not in the wrong, except the Suns radiant beams have dried up your brains since I left you: let me, for I will tell you, and in my lobe I out leaped you, and will not be sole as not to answer you, that my senses do not fail me, but that I understand you; and having no better company, would be glad to be troubled with you: for you have not a kinde thought wherein I do not quarrel with you, whether is of more force in the nature of true friendship; which because Fortune favours few fools this year, we must tarry longer to play our game, but never too late to go to an ill bargain: For now we talk our Purses take no hurt; but when the Term comes, that we may joyn issue in our Cause, I fear the Kings head in Fish street will finde us two good Clients. But all is well that ends well, except it were bad in the beginning, as I think by this my Letter: for being troubled with I'll not tell you what, lest it should make you think I care not what I have written, what you may read; and as you see cause, either to reply with impatience, or let it rest with a Non-plus: and so not doubting you to be your self, and to put me in the number of your self, I rest to your self and my self,

One always yours, *H. W.*

A Reply to the last Letter for some News.

IF you were as wise as I could wish you, I could take a little pains to write unto you; and yet for that you understand your self, I care not if I trouble you with a little idleness. In the Parish of Saint Ais, at the signe of the Hobby-horse, Maid-Marrian and the Fool fell together by the ears with a Piper; so that had not the good man of the Pewter-candlestick set in for the Morris-dance, the May-game had been quite spoiled. But when the Game had gone round, and their Brains were well warmed, their Legs grew so nimble, that their Heels went higher than their Heads. But in this cold sweat, while Lustyguts and his best beloved were casting Sheeps-eyes at a Cods-head, hue and cry came suddenly through the street, the Fox hath kill'd a tame Goose; at the sudden

noise whereat the multitude were so scared, that all the Morris-dancers were divided, and the Fool ran home to your Town: but because we have some mis of him in our Parish, I pray you keep him not too long with you. And so for lack of better present occurrents, content your self with such News as the times afford you; hereafter you may have better when, and always, I rest, as you know,

Yours, *N. B.*

An Answer to the News.

IF you were not more than half mad, you would not have danced such a Trenchmore with your little wits; but yet since I guess it is about the full of the Moon, I will hope shortly of your amendment. In the mean time let me advice you to take patience to your understanding, to direct you in a better course: for when you awaked out of your Dream, you saw no body but the man that you thought was run to our Town, & he was putting you on a Coat with four Elbows. For Maid Marrian, she, I think, is troubled with you in her Cream-pot: but for the Hobby horse, alas, he hath forgot your turn, and therefore you shall do well to make repair to our market; I think it will be a Saints day, when if a naughty Bird do not cross the Nightingale, you shall hear some strange musick about your Meadow plot, and at the least you shall hear the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black brows with the cherry cheek under the side of the pide Cow; Come live with me and be my love: you know the rest; and so I rest,

Thine what mine own, *H. W.*

Another Reply.

O Brave OLIVER, leave me not behind you: you play the Merchant all the Week, and make all whole upon the Holy day; you would be angry if you could tell how: and yet having the Cards in your hand, you cannot chuse but turn up the Noddy: The matter is not great. That Taylor that fitteth my Coat, hath made you many a Jacket; where if it were not for displeasing Jack-an-Apes, I could make him fall out with the Workman, for acquainting you with his invention. But let this pass, and to a better purpose: my neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in store for you; and his eldest daughter would make you both a Husband and a Brother: her worth you know, and his wealth will do no hurt. I should be glad of your good fortune, and you I think should play well at, We you pleased; and so much for the conjunction. Now for news, I hear none of late, but that the Baylif of our Hundred hath had a mischance: his Wife taking a blow that ne-

ver

ber ſmarted, he hath a pain in his head that cannot be cured: for having no other Plaiſter than Patience, is reſolved to make good chear with his friends; finding himſelf alone, is content to make merry with good fellows. This is all for this time, and ſo in haſte I end.

Yours, *N.B.*

An Anſwer.

When Wits goes a wool-gathering, the Thread of it may be fine if it be well ſpun. I ſee you have little to do, that have ſo much leaſure to play your Jury-pups. If I could met you right, I would fit you a penny-worth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt; and though I play at Noddy, I will not take the Card out of your hand; for I know not how you can ſpare him. But leaving Gameſters to their tricks, and Jack-an-Apes to his Monkey, let me tell you, that for your neighbour, you are ſo near him, that I need not to trouble him; and for his wealth and her worth, you know well enough what to do with them. For my ſelf, I love not to ſhake hands with your Conſtable in the company or kind fellowſhip; but yet not wronging an honeſt Wench, I would wiſh her better fortune than my affection: and ſo commending my ſelf, I will aſſiſt thee with my good prayers, that the Bayliff of the Hundred may finde thee one among a thouſand; I mean, to ſhake hands, but not heads with: and ſo in ſome little occaſion of ſudden buſineſs, I will here conclude for this time, and always reſt,

Thine, *H.W.*

To my honourable good Lord, my Lord *Moraſi.*

Right honourable, to expreſs unto your good Lordſhip the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better do it than by this Bearer; whom for many good parts, fitting your Honours pleaſure, I can well commend to your favourable entertainment. For as good Maſters are like black Swans, ſo ſuch Servants are choice creatures; for a little matter of ſmall moment will bottle up Folly above the Clouds, while Wiſdom runs a courſe of a more careful temper; ſuch I hope ſhall you finde your Servant, whoſe Wit and Conſcience take ſuch counſel in his actions, that the judgment of good experience hold him worthy good account. For my ſelf, leſt I ſhould be partial, I will leave his praiſe to your proof; and in hope of your contentment, onely entreat your entertainment. Shortly I hope to ſee you; till then, perſwaded that his ſervice ſhall gain him more praiſe than my pen, I will leave his qualities to your trial, & his ſervice to your favour; and ſo in untrainable love, reſt during life,

Your aſſured friend in true affection, *R.B.*

To my loving Cousin *T. W.* Justice of Peace.

WOrthy Sir, I would be glad to write you news of the dispatch of your business, but yet it will not be; for Lawyers being full of Clients, cannot answer all men at once: and therefore considering your matter is a case of more conscience than gain, I must attend the leisure of your Counsellor; who as he is wise, I doubt not but will prove honest, and then a little time will be well born with, that brings a good haur at the last. Your Adversary is full of money, and trudging up and down like a Fox; but I hope instead of a goose, he will be choakt with a feather. Have you no fear or care of it: for I doubt not but to effect it to your content: and so much for your law business. Now for other matters, the occurrents of time are either so fribolous or dangerous, that I think silence better blamed than babled: for though there be few Partridges, yet there be many setters here in this Town, who liken for speech, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and undo the foolish; and therefore I had rather be silent with the Nightingale till May, than prate like a Cuckoe out of season. Yet for that you shall not think me fearful of Sparrow-blasting, I will write you a little news: Tobacco is like to grow a great commodity; for there is not an Ostler or a Tapster but will be at his whiff or two, and using it as a shooing-horn to draw on a pot of Bar. Bottle-ale is more common than good, and yet dear enough, it is so taken up with the drunken Crew. Thieves were well wedded, and yet beside shoe-groat Leasters, there are some lookers now and then. Painting was never so common, and pretty cheap. And for Women, some go like Anticks, some like Maskers, some proudly sober, and some like careless resolution, but some few like Angels; but they are too high for men, and therefore I will leave them to higher powers. Now men are as in time past; if young, hardly wise, though witty: if aged, wise: if wealthy, served and honoured: if poor, at least scorned, if not worse used: if wise, perhaps employed: if foolish, baffled. This, I say, for the most part, for some time, for some cause, both youth and age, and poberty, and folly finely born withal; but for that this is rather an old observation, than any new matter, I will end my long Letter with never ending love; and so in hope of your health, commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Cousin, *W. R.*

To the right Honourable his good Lord, the Lord *W. H.*

RIght honourable, your Nobleness never ceased to binde my service to your kindness, which hath made me at this instant to presume a little upon your good favour: So it is, my good Lord, that I am shortly to

to bestow a Daughter of mine in marriage upon a Gentleman of some worth: and according to our custome, friends must be feasted, when a Pasty of Venison is a grace to the whole service. Your Honour shall much pleasure me, and as often heretofore, gave me no little cause to be thankful. My estate is not great, but my love so far assured, as wherein I may deserve that I cannot requite; I will fail of my bove, but I will discharge some part of my debt: and so not doubting your favour to this my suit for a Buck; beseeching God to adde happiness to your good health, I humbly take my leave.

Your Honours in all humbleness, *R. S.*

To his dear friend, Mr. *F. R.* at his Lodgings in the *Temple*.

My noble friend, you wrote of late to me for my opinion of your intent, and advice for your course; which two points I will touch as truly and as fitly as I can. Your intent is to leave your study, and first to Court, and then to Arms: but what hath altered your intent in study, to fall upon an intent to strange courses? For your books peaceably intreat of those things which you may not find disquiet in passing through. For touching your first course, is it not better to read of Princes, than to carry their Crowns? You cannot feel their burthen except you have their cares. How full of perils are their pleasures? yea, how many instruments of mischief doth the Devil send into the world, to cross the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heaven? and if they be Wolves to their own Flocks, how safe is it to be far from their Court? Now leaving good Princes to God's blessing, and others to his amendment, go a little to his Counsel. Oh! how great are the weight of their charges; and how many the natures of their troubles? who if they all be of one minde, and as it were one body of many members, yet sometime a Toe, or a Finger, a Hand, or an Arm, a Cloth, or an Eye, a Tongue, or an Ear, may perhaps be out of temper, and so that all the body may be out of frame. Say their wits are great through experience of place, and their powers great in the vertue of favour; yet withal, when experience is put to a new study, Providence must try the power of wit with no little trouble: and when power rests upon favour, what is the fear of fortune? And further, Is not the care of a Commonwealth a continual toil of wit, Power a dangerous step to Pride, hateful in the highest eye, and Fortune unfaithful in all her favours? Rather read thou the laudable carriage of their courses in the service of Kings, than seek in Court to have their Kingly Courses: For God onely knoweth their Consciences, themselves onely the Care; and thou canst not know their Crosses. But leaving them at their honourable proceedings, go a little lower to the Ladies; and what shalt

thou

thou sée? ever a creature like an Angel, if vertuous; or worse than a Woman, if vicious. Perhaps thou shalt sée painting spoil a good complexion, or deceive a simple eye-sight, and hear, out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speak idle, and perhaps an idle wit play the Wanton. Now what art thou benefited by all this? abuse thine eye with Picture, offend thine ear by Folly, or lose thy time in idleness. Were it not better for thée read to the fiction of Venus, then to be a servant to Vanity? and to laugh at Fancy, than to follow Folly? Yea, say there be a Phenix among the birds, if her nest be high, take héed of climbing for fear of a fall, take héed of the Object that makes an Abject of a Subject. But look aside at the attendants, what shall you sée? cost & courtesie, long service, painful duty, hope of favour, with fear of displeasure; a great Harvest, many Labourers, and few Gainers; and it must be so, for desires are many, but deserts few, and therefore they have little. In sum, a Prince thou canst never be, a Counsellor never think to be. Ladies are lovely, but beauty is costly; and the charge of attendants may bring hope to assurance. In my opinion therefore thy intent is not good, and thy proceedings will be worse in thy humour of courting. Now for Arms, is it not better to read of noble acts of Conquerors, than to try the misery of the Conquered; & to suffice nature with a little, than to starve for want of food? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victories, the cross of valour, the terrour of sacking a City, the defence of a battel, the sight of blood, the cares of the sorrowful, and the consideration of Conscience! Oh these, with many other ill banquets, bitter storms, deadly wounds, cold lodgings, hard fare, stinking drink, and lousie rags, and who knows how long? These things, I say, with what else I say not, are sufficient: I hope, to dissuade thée from such a desperate course. Rather read of true valour, and upon good cause and fit time adventure life for honour, for thy Country, thy Religion, or thy Life; otherwise under the shew of seeing honour, go not like an hired Butcher to kill Beasts, like a Tyrant to kill men for money. Remember what thou hast read, Blessed are the peace-makers. Seek peace and ensue it; for God will bless it if he make it. Yet if néds thou wilt go to the Field, begin not with the Court, lest dainty fare, ease, and idleness, make thée unfit to adventure the hard course of honour: but that in regard of the great travels and perils in those passages, the titles of honour do most truely belong to those well-deservers; while valour shown in mercy, doth grace nobleness in goodness: yet for that I think thy Body not answerable to thy Spirit, out of my love I have written thée my advice, hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wish, yet such as may be to thy good. And so knowing thy judgment sufficient to determine of thy best course, I leave thée with it to the discretion of the Almighty, whom I beseech even to bless thée, that I may always hear well of thée, and rejoyce to sée thée. From my Lodging in the little Colledge this tenth of May 1678.

Thine more than spoken, *N. B.*

A

A Letter from a Batchelor to a rich Widow.

WIdow, if you would be sour, I would call you sweet: for though you know I love you, yet you will say I flatter you: but yet be it how it will, this is truth; believe it as you will, your eyes have caught my heart, who hath sworn me a servant to your will. I cannot with Eloquence court you; but I can truely love you, and think my self blessed if I might enjoy you: for as your presence may please the wisest, so your wisdom may command the honest. For your wealth, be it more or less than is reported, your self being of more worth than you can have wealth, I wish your self rather than what is yours. You fear perhaps youths unconstancy; it is trial that proveth truth; and for my love, it shall end with my life. But what are words unbelieved? or hopes not firmly grounded, like the vision of a Dream which awakes, proves nothing? Yet good Widow, if you be kinde, pity me; and if pitiful, favour me; and if gracious, love me: God will regard you, love will be true to you, and I will die ere I will deceive you. You may increase your coyn, and decrease your comfort, when a coughing song at midnight may make you weep before day; but venture a little, and have much. What I am, or have, you shall have all; my love, my service, my life; and what can you have more? a little more drink to make the cup run over, and perhaps mar the drink that was good before; a little more coyn to fill the other bag, and perhaps fall out to be a piece of false money. When commanded by a Coltrel that will serve for nothing but a Cuckold, or curbed, but a Cub, that will grate you to the bones for an old Groat, you will curse your treasure that was the cause of your destruction. No, no, be good to thy self, in being kinde to me; hear me, believe me, love me, and take me; for I will be servant to thy will, a companion to thy kindness, and a steward to thy substance. This as I live, and hope of thy love, thou shalt finde; for my heart hath avowed it, and I will not be a villain to my own soul: in which, praying for thy health, and to be made happy in thy kindness, to say amen to my prayers, I rest,

Thine avowed, howsoever regarded, *T. M.*

A Letter of advice to his Friend *W. C.*

HOnest WILL, I hear by your Mother that you are going to the University; where no doubt but with good care and diligence you may do your self much good. But before that I have passed the place that you are going to, and have tried the nature of those Studies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine Opinion of them, and

and which I think best for thee to follow for thy good. First, for the better blessing of whatsoever thou follow, bestow some labour in reading the Divine Law: That done, note what I tell thee for the increase of thy Stock, when thou shalt come to have any dealings in the World. For thy better instructions in such courses as may be for thy Commodity, observe these Rules that I shall read thee: First, for Grammar, it is every Usher of petty Schools common Fail; Logick is but for the University: For Musick, it brings more Crotchets than Crowns: for Astronomy, it goes too high above the Clouds to do any good on the Earth: Cosmography is good for a Traveller, and Astrology for a Seaman: But for him that means to gather wealth, and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmetick, to be sure of his Numbers, it will be a means to grow rich many ways: For if you keep a Merchants Book, you shall learn his Accounts, the price of his Wares, and the gains of them, as well by great, as by retail, as well outward, as homeward; and this is a sure way to wealth. Again, if you be advanced to a place of Office, to keep account of the number of the people, the Duties, Tributes, and what payment soever to be made by them, for Subsidies, Fifteens, Customes, and what else soever, Arithmetick is most necessary for the speedy dispatch of all such businesses: For howsoever Honour may be sought or bought by them that have enough, seek thou Wealth, and that will bring thee what the World can give thee. For if thou fall into want, and impairing or spending thy Stock, be forced to take some mean course for thy maintenance, I will tell thee what thou shalt finde true: The honest will onely pitty thee, and say, that thou mayest keep a School, it is an honest Trade; when a Churl will grudge at his Groat for a Shillings worth of labour, in beating quick Sense into a dull Wit; who if he be not capable of a good understanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou undeservedly receive a frown or a foul word for thy labour. Now the proud Peacock hath a little more Money than Wit, will perhaps entertain thee to a blue Coat, and forty Shillings; which how grievous it will be to a good spirit, thou shalt finde, and I shall be sorry to hear. Believe me, if thou have the Sciences, be furnished with many Languages, and art acquainted with honourable Courses, and an Heart as honest as can live; yet if thou lack Wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt have a Fool come over thee, and a Knave abuse thee: and he whose Wit goes no further than his Trade, to play upon thy misery with scanning thy course of life, that thou wilt wish rather never to be born, than to be born down with unhappiness; yea, for necessities sake thou shalt be forced to bestow thy study in fictions and follies, and to spend thy spirits in vain, yea, I may say vile inventions, to commend an un-

unworthy person, to the wound of thine own Conscience; who though he lobe to bear himself flattered, yet perhaps when he hath miserably regarded thée, yet he will lie of his bounty, which is little better than Beggary. Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, through mér want to présent an Ass with a burthen of Wit, or a base spirit with a trait of Honour? Oh dear WILL, the wealthy that hath but a little Wit, will grow rich with making benefit of thy Labours, whyle thou not weighing the lack of judgement in the first directing of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrow to think of thy mistaken Fortune. In brief, therefore, follow my counsel, study all the Arts superficially, but chiefly Arithmetick; for it is the assured way to Wealth. Be not ignorant in Divinity; for it is the Souls comfort; and take hèd of Poetry, lest it run away with thy Wit; for it hath commonly one of these thrée properties; believing the wicked, abusing the honest, and pleasing the foolish: and therefore though some excellent man may have some excellent humour, do thou rather read in an Ebening, than make thy days work in the study of idleness. Give them praise that deserve it, but do not thou bend thy delight towards it; for in a word, it is more full of pleasure than profit. Thus have I writ thée a tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my advice, it will do thée no harm; and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to sée it: In the mean time, leaving thy courses with thy self, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest,

Thine in much affection, *R. P.*

To his most Honourable Lady, Madam *Izabella Tarina.*

HOnourable Madam, how my unworthiness may hope of your goodness, I cannot find, but in the Notes of your Nobleness; which as it might well challenge the right of your Title, so doth it binde a world of Serbants to your favour: among whom my self more desirous than able to deserve the least of your countenance, am now presumptuous to trouble you with an humble suit. I have a Sister of years sufficient to understand betwixt good and evil, and of disposition I thank God not amiss: Her bringing up hath bèen chiefly at her Work and Nèedle; yet she is not unfurnished of her parts fit for a Serbant of her place, which if it might stand with your good pleasure, should be to attend your Honour in your Chamber. Her truth I will undertake for, her diligence I will not doubt of, her kinde nature I can speak of, and her affection to your Ladiship I know is not a little:

If therefore in all these she may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shall be bound to your good favour, in the honour of her preferment; which being the highest advancement that her duty can deserve, I leave her service with mine own, to your honourable employment. So craving pardon for my boldness, with favour to my suit, I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladiships in all humbleness, *E. W.*

To my beloved Godfather *T. H.*

GOdfather, at the Font you gave me a Name, and as I have heard and read of others, you undertook to see me brought up in Learning, and in the fear of God. I do not remember that ever I yet received penny from you towards the charge thereof; and you have having neither charge of Wife or Children, might do well to bestow your blessing upon me, in somewhat better than a bare hand, which will buy nothing. Is it possible that having one foot in the Grave, the other should be so far off? am I your nearest in Nature, and shall I be farthest off in love? I know not the cause; but whatever it be, misconceived in kindness. Let me intreat you to believe my love, and I desire no more: for when you are weary of the flattery of those that feed upon you, among the great showers of your kindness that you daily rain down upon their Fields, you will I hope bestow one drop of grace upon my Grounds. I urge nothing but your Will, and will love you more than they that tell you more. Be not covetous to gather for them that gape for your Goods; and be not fast-handed to him who loves you more than all you have: and the good that you will do, let it be in your life, that you may see your contentment in the issue of kindness. Lord I am to weary you with words, and therefore in love of a true Heart, which daily prayeth for your health and Hearts ease, hoping that God will move you for my good, whosoever is a mean of my hurt, I cease further at this time to trouble you, but rest always in duty of my humble love,

Your affectionate God-son, *T. B.*

To

To my dearest beloved friend on earth, *H. W.*

HOnest HARRY, out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee; and therefore bear with my skill, if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish, and thou art worthy of. But as I know thee able to judge of colours, better than the blinde eyes and beetle heads, and of the true kindness that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, than increase the sorrows of the distressed: Let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pity may the better play her part in my spirit. What shall I say? I live as without life, pleasured in nothing, crossed in all hopes, put in many fears, languishing in my sorrows, and troubled with the grief of a wounded conscience: Not with the horrour of Murther, the fear of Treason, or delight of Sin; but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindness of Frends, and the breach of Credit; and most of all with them whom I most love. O God, my heart aketh, and blame it not; and my spirit mourneth, and reprove it not: For though Patience be a vertue that maketh men Divine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels. And let me tell the truth, the misery of my life is intolerable in the sense of nature: For, compare the afflictions of the most patient with the causes of my passions; and provided a work of pity to behold the Map of my miseries. Hath one man been wealthy and become poor? so am I: hath another suffered wrong? so do I: another buried Parents, Children, and dear frends? so have I: another travelled far in hope of gain, and returned with loss? so have I: another been wounded in the Wars, fared hard, lain in a cold Bed many a bitter storm, and been at many a hard Banquet? all these have I: another been imprisoned? so have I: another long lain sick? so have I: another plagued with an unquiet Wife? so am I: another indebted to his hearts grief, and fain would pay and cannot? so am I. In sum, any of these crosses are able to break the heart of a kinde spirit; and all these lie at once so heavy upon my heart, as nothing but the Hand of God can remove; besides my continual toil for the reward of unquietness, while that which should be my comfort is my sorrow. Imagine how with all this I can live, and think what a death it is thus to live: O for the scorn of the proud, the abuse of the ungracious, the scoff of the foolish, and the scanning of the unkind; the company of the discontented, & the want of the most affected; the disgrace of learning, the loss of time, and the misery of want; if there be a Hell on earth, it cannot be far from the cave of my discomfort; where I am sure the Devil seeing my desire to serve God, layeth all the bars he can in the way for my discomfort: But I detest him, and hope in Christ, that my living and loving God, who hath tried my soul in adversities, will one day in his mercy so look upon me,

that the Devil shall be driven back from his purpose, and the tears of my Body wiped away. I shall rejoyce in such a joy, as all my grief clean forgotten, my Heart and Soul shall in the joy of my Sense, in the heavenly Harmony of a Holy Hymn sing a new Song praise to the glory of my Saviour: For the hastening whereof in my deliverance from my torments, and comforts in his mercies, I will frame daily my Prayers, and be assured of my Amen. But I fear I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end: God continue my patience, but not my sorrows; give me deliverance from my miseries, and make me thankful for his blessings, and bless thee with as much happiness as thou knowest I want. So leaving my hopes to his mercies, and us both to his tuition, I rest with as little rest as any man can rest,

Thine or not mine own, *N. B.*

To his fair Mistress, and hearts honour, Mrs. *A. L.*

LAdy, I have been so ill a Scholar to Love, that I never yet learned the courting of Beauty, nor would I willingly use Art to abuse Vertue; and therefore if plain truth may finde favour, I will use no Attourney in this cause, which being to be judged in your kindness, I will onely cry audience, and stand to your abitrament. My case being my own Lawyer, thus I plead: Your Eyes have stolen my Heart, now I must either be accessary to my own hurt, or accuse you of the Felony; but rather willing to lose my life in your eyes, than keep them to look on other light, I will onely appeal to your self what to do in this passion. If I love, you must know it; for your eyes have my heart: and if I lose my heart, you must have it; for your eyes are well worthy of it: but now you have it, preserve it for your service; let it not die in displeasure, that hath no life but in your love. If it could speak, it would tell you how dearly, highly, and onely it honours you; and if you will believe it, you shall quickly finde it: for it is dedicated to your service, and hath no care but of your favour: keep it then to your use, use it to your pleasure, and let it die in no other comfort. In sum, not to dwell upon ceremonies, it is nothing mine, but all yours; and if it may live in your eyes, it seeks no other heaven in this world: Drive it not then from you, that hath no life but in you; and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing without you. So leaving it with my self to the honour of your only service, I take my leave for this time, but will rest ever,

Yours avowed and devoted, *R. S.*

To

To his very good friend, Mr. *W. B.* for the borrowing of forty pounds for six Months.

SIr, I know you love no long Letters, and my suit being to most men so unpleasing, I would be loath to be tedious. I have purchased a piece of Land, and laid out all my money; now upon the sudden, an unexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge: for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good friends; among which, presuming of your kinde promise upon my urgent occasion to stand me in stead, I am to entreat you by this Bearer to help me to forty pounds, wherein you will so much pleasure me, as so much may do; and as I can requite it, I will not forget it. I would have it for six months, my day I will not break; I will take it kindly, and deserve it thankfully: My servant is trusty, and therefore I pray send it by him. And as you will be assured of my love, feed me not with delays, or excuses; for I know you have it, and you know I will pay. Thus loth to use you like a Broker, to send you a Pawn, as an honest Neighbour let me be beholding to your kindness, in which you shall give me cause, in the like or a greater matter, to rest upon at as short a warning.

Your assured friend to use, *R. H.*

To the right Worshipful my very good Master, Sir *Thomas Ward* Knight at his House in *Padow*.

SIr, after my humble duty, I have talked with divers of those parties whom you directed me, touching the benefits to be made of the suit which you have in hand, whose opinions I find divers; yet all agree in this, that if you can prove it irrecoverable, the Money will be adventured; otherwise, they are loath to engage their estates and credits too far upon bare hopes: for lives are uncertain, and in change of times divers things fall out contrary to expectation. You shall therefore do well before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit: for the suit being effected to good purpose, leave me to deal in it to your content. There is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it; I would therefore wish you to try your strength in it, and not to lity time, for it is precious in

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a good course. Bear with me, I beseech you, if I mobe your patience in urging your speed; for it is for your own good. Against your coming to Town, I will have somewhat else for you to set on foot; for he that will work, must not have the Fire without an Iron: but knowing your business, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle News; and onely praying for your health and Hearts ease, commit the consideration of your own causes to the managing of your good discretion, and humbly take my leave for this time, always

Your Worships humble servant, *J. T.*

To my assured loving friend, *T. B.* with speed, for money lent to restore back.

NOn-payment of Debts, is not only a crack in Credit, but a loss of Friends. Upon a Letter I furnished your want, and Fortune having been your friend, a large Conscience methinketh doth not well. Your excuse yet I know not, nor can well devise; but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your disposition; for a setled affection expecteth the like measure in kindness. The money you had of me was not much, but if it hath done you a pleasure, I am glad of it: and if you can well spare it, by this Bearer I pray you return it, or the cause why you detain it. I have lately bought Sheep to store a Pasture that I have to farm, and my money being short, I am bold to write to you for mine own; which if it come it shall be welcome; if not, so that I know how it may stead you, I will forbear: and for the conference between your Son and my Daughter, I think they are more ready for us than we for them. Your minde I know, and am contented with it: For as I see their proceedings, we will soon fall upon agreement. And to be plain with you, I think I had best rather to provide you more money, than demand any more that you have: and therefore making your excuse in this onely point of affection, intreating pardon for my plain manner of writing; assuring you, that if this matter go forward, (as is no other like) as their loves, so shall our purses be one. And thus hoping of your health as mine own, with commendations to your kind Son, your self, and your Shew, I commit you to the Almighty.

Canterbury, this 4th of *August*, 1678.

Your loving friend, *N. T.*

To

To a Judge in the behalf of an Offender.

MY good Lord, your honourable care of Justice I hope is seasoned with the charitable watt of Mercy: for though the Law cutteth off offence by sharp punishment, yet death takes away repentance, and where there is sorrow there is signe of grace. The best Judge of true Justice, Christ Jesus, pardoned the great sinner, and with the gentle rebuke of Sin no more, called her to great grace. Now shall Justice upon the first fact use another course upon an Offender: I know it is your Oath to do all manner of Justice, yet may you give time of repentance in respiebing this poor man, whose pardon will be easily attained: Your Honour shall do a good deed; God, in imitating his course to Justice, will surely regard and reward you; the patient Offender shall be found ever to pray for you; my self with all his friends will truely honour you; and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercy, when his Majesty shall hear of it, will commend you. Beseeching therefore your Honour to stay the Sentence of Death until the next Assize, or grant him a Respiebe till the said time; Leaving the poor mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble and bounden service to your good health, and all other happiness, I humbly take my leave.

Your honours humble servant, *D. H.*

A Letter of Complement. To my very good friend, Mr. *H. W.* at his house in *Arthingworth*.

SIR, if I could have let pass so fit a Messenger without some thankful remembrance, I were unworthy of so good a friend; but your kindness being such as will ever work in a good minde, I pray you let me salute you with this little Token of my love: The Kundet is of such Sack as BRISTOL hath no better; and the Sugar-loaf for your Lady, I assure you is right Barbary, which at this time is here of some price; but upon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shall have it cheap here: in the mean time howsoever it be, what you need command in that, or what else may be in my power to accomplish. And so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Bucks, which with hearty commendations to your self and your good Bed-fellow, and many thanks to you both for your good chear and most kind entertainment, hoping to see you at my house at your coming to Town, where you shall make your own welcome, I commit you to the Almighty.

London, 20 of *July*.

Your very loving and assured friend, *C. R.*

To

To his assured friend, Mr. *Thomas Rise*, at his House in the *Strand*, intreating his help in dispatch of business.

AGainst this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this Circuit, I shall have occasion to use many things, whereof I am now unfurnished. Your skill in chusing the best, and knowing the prizes, I know long since by your kindness in the like trouble; and therefore I entreat you once more to take a little pains, with this Bearer, my servant, in helping him in the laying out of his money upon such parcels, as in my Note for my use I have set down: your travel or kindness shall not unthankfully be forgotten; and wherein I may in this Countrey, or else-where pleasure you, you shall not fail of my best means. If you have any News, I pray you acquaint me with them; and if the Ship be come from the Indies, what good success they have had. But earnest business makes me briefer than I otherwise would be; and therefore hoping of your health, and not doubting of your kindness, with hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Salop, this 12 of *June*, 1678.

Your assured friend, *T. M.*

To his good friend, *R. M.* concerning the purchase of certain Lands.

SIr, whereas you wrote unto me, touching the sale of your Lordship of WAR, I cannot answer you for two causes; the one, the price is too high; the other, your haste of money is too great. For touching your price, the Land you know is much impaired since the death of your Father; the Woods are low and very backward, by cutting it afore the full growth; and your Trees are so wasted, that there is scarce a piece of Timber worth the felling. Your Moor is shrewdly spoiled for want of draining, and your Pastures are so over-grown with Bushes, that it will ask great cost in stubbing before it be brought to any good pass; yet notwithstanding, for that we have been upon speech for it, and that you seem willing to deal with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your money shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore if I may have it as I told you, if it be a hundred pounds more I care not, but further indeed I will not go a penny. Let me know your minde by this Bear-

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er out of hand, for I am offered (I think) a better bargain: but for my words sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then have a game or two at Bowls. Hoping for your good health, and your good bed-fellows, I commit you to the Almighty.

From my house this 13 of *June*, 1678.

Your very loving friend, *V. E.*

A Letter to a proud Mistris.

HOw beauty will make a Fool proud, I would your Plaister-work did not witness: But had you wit to help wickedness, you would put a Parrot out of countenance. Your Countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merry tricks as a Monkey; and for your Foot-pace, I think you have sore Heels, you walk so nicely as upon Egg-shels. Your Hair is none of your own; and for your steeple-tire, it is like the gaud of a Maid Marrian; so that had you a Fool by the hand, you might walk where you would in a Morris-dance. O fine come to it, how it fiddles like a Hackney that would tire at half a mile. Well, your Tobacco-breath, with your toothless Chaps, will be shortly such bad ware, that you will stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you. But what do I mean to spoil paper with such matter, and therefore I will abruptly end: Wash your Feet, scour your Hands, put on a clean Smock, get you to your Prayers, repent your wickedness, and mourn to death for your Souls sake; for your Carkas is not worth carrying to the Earth. And so hoping that in a good humour you will do somewhat better than hang your self, I leave you to this mishap that findes you the most filthy creature on the Earth, till you be never more seen in the world.

Your poor friend at a pinch, *J. S.*

The Answer of a witty but railing Wench.

BEtwixt a railing Knave and a Rascal, what is the difference? And from a Nitty Rogue, what can be looked for but a Lowse? O Devil incarnate, who ever knew such a Villain? Your Hair I will not meddle with for fear of a fall: But I wonder the Jewellers do not deal with you for a Face, where a pin can scarce stand between a Pearl and a Ruby. Oh the French rhume bids you keep out of the wind, for fear your lebel stacks scarce hold a rotten Carkas. Now instead of a Morris-dance, you know the Hey up YOLWOUN, where the Hang-man at the Gallows stays to learn you a new turn: But thou wretched worm,

unworthy the name of a Man; get thee to thy Knees, ask forgiveness of all the World, make thy confession in the Care, and commend thy Soul to the Lord; for thy Flesh the Dogs will not meddle with: And so in haste, hoping my Letter may come to thee before the last cast, I end in haste,

Thy charitable friend, *S. D.*

A Letter of Challenge to a young Swaggerer.

SIrrah, your swaggering is so foolish, that the Children laugh at you where you go; and for your valour, if your Feather be away, your Sword will do no hurt. Your tossing of Pots fear none but Flies, and for your brave Words they are nothing but Wind. But lest I do you some pleasure in telling you of your faults, let it suffice to make an end of all matters: To morrow in the morning you shall have me by eight of the clock in the Field beyond your Lodging, near unto the Pool; where, if you dare come alone, you shall finde me without company, ready to do more than I will speak; till when, expecting no other answer than your self, I rest,

Your avowed Enemy, *L. T.*

A dogged Answer.

DO you imagine me a Philistine, that you begin to play GOLIAH in a Letter? I assure you if your deeds be like your words, my Feather will not abide your windy words: but for my Sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you. If you be not drunk, I muse what madness doth possess you: But the best is, I hope now you have spoken, you have done; for I will be there where you appoint, but I doubt you will not perform: but as you tell me of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours; and sorry to have lost so much time about idleness, I end,

Yours as I have reason, *F R.*

To my very good Cousin, Mr. *G. P.* at his house in *Swands.*

COusin, I understand you are determined to put your younger Son Apprentice to a Merchant: Believe me, I highly commend your resolution herein: For I that have travelled far, and seen much, can speak somewhat of them, and their noble Profession. I could well give it a higher title; for a right Merchant is a Royal fellow, he is desirous to

to ſee much, to travel much, and ſometime to gain a little; doth adventure much, though ſometime for a little adventure he doth gain much: But what are the ſundry natures of perils as well at Sea as at Land, as well of his goods as of his perſon, none knoweth but himſelf, or like himſelf. But having travelled far, and finiſhed his Voyage, after his ſafe return, having given God thanks, note what is the courſe of his life; He obſerve a comely Order in the City, and enrich many poor men by retailing of his goods, who ſit at eaſe, and ſell in their Shops, that which he with great toil and danger fetched out of far Countreys. Now, ſay his gain be great, let it be anſwered in the deſert of his travel; Shall a fair or fine Horſe brought out of Barbary, be here finely kept, well fed, and neatly dreſſed, and richly attired? and ſhall not a Merchant that hath travelled many miles beyond Barbary, be thought worthy of a fine Houſe, good Land, dainty Fare, and an honourable Title, for the reſolution of his Adventure, and the toil of his Travel? Shall a Lute or a Cittern, brought out of Italy, be put in a Caſe of Velvet, and laced with Gold for well ſounding? and ſhall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went far further than that Countrey for better Commodities, be thought worthy of his gain? and ſhall the Merchant be grudged the price of his Wares? What ſhall I ſay? Who upholds the State of the City, or the honour of a State under the King, but the Merchant? Who beautifieth the Court with Jewels and outward Ornaments, but the travel of a Merchant? Who beautifies the Gardens with ſundry ſorts of Fruits and Flowers, but the travelling Merchant? He may well be called the Merchant, the Sea-ſinger, or the maker of the Sea to ſing: The Sea-ſinger, when he hath fair Wind, and good Weather, he maketh the Sea to ſing, when ſhe laſhes the goodly Houſes that float upon her Waves, and caſt an Anchor in her Sands. But let me leave the Sea, and come to the Land: Conſider of the ſweet and civil manner of their lives: whoſe Houſes more neat; whoſe Wives more modeſt; whoſe Apparel more comely; whoſe Diet more dainty; and whoſe Carriage more commendable? Valiant without Quarrels; merry without moans; bountiful in their gifts; and very neat and choice in their Banquets. Whoſe Children are better nurtured? whoſe Servants are better governed? whoſe Houſe better ſtuffed and maintained? Furthermore, what comfort have the diſtreſſed found beyond the Seas? and how many poor do they relieve at home? What Colledges, what Hoſpitals, what Alms-houſes have they builded? and in effect, what Cities have they enlarged? and what Countries have they enriched? how few Lawyers can ſay ſo? If that be all true, with much more might be ſaid in their honour; give them their right, I ſay the Merchant is a Royal fellow, and go forwards with your intent. If you will ever have your Son ſee any thing, know any thing,

do any thing, or be worth any thing, put him to a Merchant; and give with him such a portion, as out of his years may set up his Trade or Traffick: Doubt not he will do well, and think not almost he can do better. So beseeching God to bless him in all his courses, without which he will be worse than nothing. I pray you do as I wish you, charge him to serve God, and to turn him to the World. And thus, having truely written to you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health, and honour, and all happiness to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health, I commit you to the Almighty.

Arthingworth, this 20 of *August*, 1678.

Your very loving Cousin, *N. B.*

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of Love, Honour, and Service, Mrs. *E. E.*

IF I should commend you (fairest of Women) above the Moon, and compare you with the Sun, you would put me in the Clouds for a flatterer; but knowing your own worth, and finding the substance of my truth, you cannot blame me, in admiration, to speak truth of your perfection; which of what power it is in drawing the service of reason, if you would believe, love would quickly tell you; But the cause of inconstancy in the unwise, breedeth distrust of truth in the most faithful; but all Birds are not of one Feather, nor all men of one minde. In brief, not to make a long Harvest of a little Corn, which being ripe, would be gathered in a good time. Let truth be my spokes-man, and belief my comfort; the hope whereof is my onely worlds happiness, referring onely to the care of your kindness in the faith of true affection, I rest,

Your avowed and assured friend, *N. B.*

A Letter to a friend to borrow a piece of Money.

SIr, as nothing more trieth a friend than calamity, so there is nothing more grievous than to be beholding: In kindness therefore, if I may become your Debtor for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleasure me more than a little. Your appointed day I will not break with you; and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you shall finde no forgetfulness of your kindness. But time is precious, and therefore intreating your speedy answer, in hope of no denial, I rest,

Your assured friend, *C. W.*

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The Anſwer.

I Would be as glad to pleaſure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed for, with more than for neceſſary uſe; that I cannot ſpare I am not preſently furniſhed: I pray you therefore take not a denial unkindly; for if my credit will pleaſure you, I will not fail my beſt to do you good; if otherwiſe you would urge me, it would be to little purpoſe: And therefore ſorry that I am not in tune to ſatisfie your expectation, I muſt leave patience to your kinde diſcretion, which as you know me, ſhall command me; for I am, and will be, to the uttermoſt of my power,

Your aſſured friend, *D. W.*

A Letter of good counſel to his Miſtriſs *H. C.* at her houſe in *Pe-Cheſt.*

My good Couſin, I remember at my laſt being with you, we had ſome conference about Conſideration: Believe me, when I conſider the world, and what I have ſeen in it, and the beſt things of it, and that all in effect is as nothing, or rather worſe, if any thing at all, I wonder how men that have ſo much judgment of good from evil, how can thoſe men that know the uncertain time of death, live as though they thought never to die? How can he that heareth or readeth the Word of God, and believeth the truth of it, be ſo careleſs of it, and ſo diſobedient to it? Will men be ſick, that may be whole? or die, that may live? What ſhall I ſay, but as PAUL ſaid to the *Corinthians*, O fooliſh people, who hath bewitched you? It is the Word of God, that tranſgreſſion is the ſin of Witchcraft: And ſurely if men were not bewitched with ſin, they could not delight in wickedneſs, being the croſs-bar to all their happineſs. Could the Thief conſider the doom of the Law, or the miſery of the diſpoiled, ſurely he would not ſteal: If the Adulterer did conſider the filthineſs of his action, and the ſhame of his folly, ſurely he would turn honeſt: If the Murderer did but conſider the horror of death, and the terrour of ſin, he would never kill. In briefe, if any ſinner would look into the foul nature of ſin, he would be out of love with it: and if he did conſider the power of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: nay, could, or would man conſider the goodneſs of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing but that which is good for him, how could he be ſo forgetful of his own good, in offending the Author of all goodneſs? If the Unthrift could conſider the miſery of want, ſurely he would not be careleſs of his eſtate: if the Covetous could conſider the miſery of

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the poor, he would be more charitable: if the swaggerer could consider the comelinesse of sobriety, and the shame of immodesty, surely he would be more civil: if the Magistrate did but consider the misery of the poor, he would not be so careless of their torment, and put them to such sorrow; but remember, that Justice without Mercy is too near a touch of Tyranny: if he that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could consider the deadnesse of Gods judgements, and the shame of his folly, he would doubtlesse be more careful of his Soul, and more kinde to his Flock. If the Lawyer could consider the Law of God, he would never gelde his Client, nor speak against a known truth; but as I said before, to leave tediousnesse, it is the onely lack of consideration that maketh the hadlesse will of a man to run the way of errour to the ruine of his best comfort: and therefore I intreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your judgement touching the heavenly Providence and Power in the motion of all good actions, yet so to allow of my opinion touching want of Consideration, that it is one of the greatest causes of the confusion of Reason, by the corruption of Nature. And knowing that the care of your consideration is such, as doth and may give example to most expert men to follow the rule of your directions in the whole course of life, wishing my self so happy as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you, and ever I rest, in fast settled affection,

Your loving friend, *R. M.*

To my sweet Love, Mrs. *E. P.*

SWeet Love, if absence could breed forgetfulnesse, the fortune should do much harm to affection; but when the eye of a mind looketh into the joy of the heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may hear me, so in absence you may see me; for love is not of an hours humour, nor a shadow of light; but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion: think not therefore I do or can forget thee, or love my self but for thee. Shortly I hope to see thee, and in the mean time though not with thee, yet not far from thee; nor will be at rest with my self, till I may rest onely with thee, I rest always to rest

Thine only and all, *L. W.*

Her Answer.

MY dear, if delays were not a death to love, excuses were currant in the construction of kindnesse; but Sentences are better spoken

ken than understood, and a pleasing presence is better than an excused absence. Remembrance is good, but possession is better; and love holdeth memory but a kind of melancholy. Let your self therefore be the messenger rather of your love than your Letters, lest Fortune in a mad fit be cross to your best comfort; not in respect of my constancy, but my Parents unkindness. This is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time to the beginning of never ending, I rest till that time, and all times one and the same,

Yours as you know, *E. P.*

An old mans Letter to a young Widow.

WIdow, I have neither a smooth Face, nor a filed Tongue to cheat your eyes, nor abuse your ears withal; but a true heart and a constant minde that doth inwardly love you, and will never deceive you. Fickle heads and unbridled wills know not where or how to bestow themselves, when their wits go a wool-gathering among shews that have had fleeces. They may be kind, but not constant; and Love loves no out-lookers: but besides, light Heads have no staid Heels, and a little wealth is soon spent. Who knoweth the use of want, can tell you the difference between an old mans Darling, and a young mans Wiarling: Why, how can they love that scarce know how to like? I know you have many Suiters of worth, but none that I think more worthy than my self: for none can love you so much, nor esteem you so well; for I have known the World, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: If therefore all I have may please you, and my self to love and honour you, make my comfort your contentment, and I will seek no other Paradise in this World. Thus hoping that reason in your favour will effect the hope of my affection, leaving you to your self, to be your self, I rest,

Yours or not mine, *G. H.*

Her Answer.

SIr, I could never see you, but in a Letter: I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondent. A gray Head and a green Winde fit not: your perswasions were forcible, were not your self of too much weakness; but though for your good will, I thank you, yet for nothing will I be indebted to you, no, not for a World would I be troubled with you: For as our years, so I fear

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our fancies will be different; and the patience mobing cho'er may bred anger, when to be an old mans darling, is a kinde of curse to nature. You say well, who can lobe, that knows not how to like? When the Senses are uncapable of their comfort, what is imagination but a dream? A blinde man can judge no colour, a deaf man hath no skill in Musick, a dumb man no Eloquence, and an old man little feeling in lobes Passion. For my Sutters, they suit my time, and serbe their own; and for their worth, I shall judge of the most worthy. Now for their wits, if they lose not their own fleeces, let them gather Wool where they can; but for your lobe, I will not benture on it, lest, being too old, it be not sweet: And for my young Sutters, I hope I shall take heed of a shadowed solyzeness: As for Fortune, while Vertue governs Affection, I will not fear my felicity. So hoping your own reason will perswade you to habe patience with your passion, and leabe me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my self, and none other, I rest,

Not yours, if mine own, *P. F.*

A Letter of a young man to his Sweet-heart.

My Lobe, if I could habe as good passage as my Letters, I would be a better Messenger of my thoughts, than my Words can expzess; but as the secret of my Heart, which none can see but your eyes, nor shall know but your kindness, let me not then languish in the lingring hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the onely answer of your consent. You know the house of our first meeting, of our fantasies, the true countenance of our irrebocable affections; and why will you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort? Tryal cannot let you doubt my lobe, and Lobe will be sworn to the security of my truth; both which thus far pleading for me in your judgement: For imprisoned I am in your beauty, bound in the bands of your serbice, and libe but in the hope of your fabour, in which I rest eber, and onely to rest happy in this World.

Yours, though not yours, *S. B.*

An Answer to her Love.

My Sweet, I rather wish your self than your Letter, though in the haste of your desire, your pzesence had been to little purpose, for Deeds are in a good way, that are subscribed and sealed: But till the delibery be made, the matter is not fully finished. Habe therefore

foꝛe patience foꝛ a time, foꝛ it is ſoon enough that is well enough; and yet I confeſs in kindneſs, delay is little comfoꝛt; yet ſtay foꝛ a fair day, though it be almoſt at noon, be perſwaded of my affection, and let faith fear no foꝛtune, foꝛ love can be no Changling, and ſo imagine of my ſelf. When you offend, I will puniſh you; and when you do pleaſe, I will pꝛaiſe you. So aſſuring truth believe, and love comfoꝛt, I reſt ſo ſoon as I well may, to give the reaſon of your beſt reſt, and till then and ever will reſt,

Yours as I may, *E. H.*

A merry Letter of News to a Friend.

RIght Trojan, I know thou loveſt no Complement, noꝛ careſt foꝛ any tricks; but as a good fellow and a friend, wouldeſt hear how the Woꝛld goeth. All the Woꝛld I am not acquainted with, and theꝛefoꝛe I know not what to ſay to it; but foꝛ the little part of it, the petty place oꝛ Pariſh where I dwell, and ſome few miles about it, I will tell you there is a fall of Conies; foꝛ there is ſuch a woꝛld of them every day in the Market, that except they be young and fat, there is little money bidden foꝛ them. Hackney-jades are ſcarce woꝛth their meat, and every houſe hath ſuch a Dog, that not a Beggar dare come near the doꝛ, and not a Mouſe at a Cheeſe, but a Cat is at her heels. Maid Marrian of late was got with child in her ſleep, and the Hobby-hoꝛſe was half mad that the Fool ſhould be the Father of it. A great talk there is of ſetting up a new Tavern; but Tobacco is the thing that will vent the old Sack. There is ſpoken ſo much gibberiſh, that we have almoſt foꝛgot our Mother-Tongue: foꝛ every boy in our School hath Latine at his fingers end: marry it is in a book: foꝛ all his wit is in his Copy, foꝛ in capite he hath little. Our Free-ſchool is now painted with Wiſdom ober the Gate; foꝛ within, except ſome unhappy wag, there is no moꝛe wit than is neceſſary. Now foꝛ the other News, I will tell you, wet weather frights us with a bad Harveſt; and Uſurers are half mad foꝛ lack of utterance of their money. Law was never moꝛe in uſe, noꝛ men moꝛe out of money; and foꝛ Women, they are ſtrange creatures, foꝛ ſome of them have three Faces, and ſo fine in pꝛoud paces, that if they carry it as they do, they will put many men out of countenance: Foꝛ other oꝛdinary matters they are as you left them; a pot of Ale is woꝛth a penny; a Bawd will have brave Clothes; the man in the Moon is above the Clouds, and the Knave of Clubs will ſtill make one in the Stock. Other things there are that I am ſhoꝛtly to acquaint you with; in the mean time wꝛite unto me how th u do'ſt, and how the Wind blows on

your side; and so sorry I have no good thing to send thee, with the love of my heart, I commit thee to the Almighty.

Thine to the end, *E. F.*

The Answer.

THou mad Villain, what hath walked about thy Brains, to put thy Wit in such a temper; a tale of a Tub, and the bottom out? Well, to requite your kindness, you shall know somewhat of our World. So it is, that the Fox hath made an end with most of our fat Geese; the Wolf meets with our Lambs before they can well go from the Dam, and the Water-Rat hath so spoiled our Fish-pools, that if it had not been caught with a Trap, we might have gone to Sea for a red Herring. Our Bayliff's Bull runs through all the Rye in our Parish, and the Tanner's Dog hath worried a wild Sow. The Bayliff of our Hundred takes upon him like a Justice; and since the new Ale-house was set up, the Constable is much troubled: but though Oats be rank, and Rye be ripe, Wheat is but thin, and Barley short. Good fellowship goes down the wind, and yet Wenches are right bred. Our Piper is fain sick of an Ale-surfeit, and old WIDDLE got a blow at midnight, that makes him straddle all day. PARNEL shall have her Sweet-heart in spite of Tom-Tinker, & there is wondring in the Town that thou art not in the Goal before the Sessions: but be thou of good cheer, there is time enough for a good turn; and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine own welcome. O mad Slave, let me be merry with thee a little; for thou knowest I love thee. Thy Grandsire is going to his Grave, and hath bequeathed thee a Knaves portion. The bell hath gone for him; but so soon as he is past, I will send thee word in Post, that for grief of his death thou mayest drink to all Christian souls. Thy Sister is where she was, and swears thou art honester than thy Father. I will say no more, but thou hast friends that thou knowest not; and therefore come when thou wilt, we will have a health ere we part. And so in haste farewel.

Thine to the proof, *W. R.*

To a young man going beyond the Sea.

GOod Cousin, I finde by your last Letter your present intent to travel, I pray God it may fall out for your good: For though in respect of your years, your body be in good state to endure some hardness, yet there

there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the Air and Diet; but above these things, there are many things to be observed, that negligently regarded may be greatly to your hurt: As first, for your Religion, have a great care that your eyes lead not your heart after the horrour of Idolatry; serve sincerely, not fondly, not in shew, but in truth of zeal; and for your comfort in all your course, that you trust in him, and none else. Secondly, for your Carkas, take heed of too much following the Feminine Sex, and pray for continency; it is a blessed vertue. I speak not this for the common sort, but for the Syrens, whose Faces are bewitching Objects, and whose Voyces are enchanting Musick: if these be in the way of your ear, or eye, haste thou from them, lest too late thou finde it too true, that you will hardly escape drowning, when you are over head and ears. Such weeds will hang about your heels, as will so hinder your swimming, that you will hardly overcome it in healthy, if you hap to escape with your life. Furthermore, if you meet with some chaste PENELOPE, whose beauty walks even with vertue, let not a chaste eye in her beget an unchaste thought in you. I speak not this in fear of any thing but your youth; yet though I know you well disposed in many ways, I doubt you are not right in all: And this being a thing that I know most necessary, I thought in my love to give you a note of. Now for your Purse, let it be private to your own knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappiness, and breed you more partakers than for profit. Now for your Tongue, let it follow your Wit; and tip it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your Diet, let it be sparing; for better leave with an appetite, than go to Physick for a Surfeit. Now for your Conversation, chuse the wise, rather hear them than trouble them, and against all fortunes take patience in your passage. So serving God, and observing the World, no doubt but you will make benefit of your Voyage, and I will be joyful of your return. And thus loth to tire you with a long tale, when I know in a little, you will understand much. In prayer for your good success, and safe return, I commit you to the Almighty.

Arthingworth, 24 of *July*, 1678.

Your affectionate Kinsman, *L. M.*

To his Friend *G. T.* in the time of sickness and sorrow for a great misfortune.

DEar GEORGE, knowing the cause, though not the condition of thy sickness, I am bold a little to advise thee for the better recovery of thy health. Thou knowest (dear Friend) that there is nothing passeth

neither under nor above the Heavens, but either by the direction or permission of the Wisdom of the Almighty. There is no Day that hath not his Night, no Element that hath not his contrary, nor Comfort on the Earth without a Crosse. Thou art sorry to see the cruelty of Fortune; but turn thine Eyes to a better light, and thou shalt see it a trial of God's love: For if Nature be accursed for sin, thou must finde it in this world or another; the second death is worse than the first. If sickness make thee feel God's Hand, shall not patience make thee try his mercy; and health make thee know his love? If losses make thee poor, wert thou not better with patience be God's Beggar, than in pride the worlds King? Grieve not then at thy fortune, but live by thy faith: be rather a JOB than a SAUL; for there is no spurning against so sharp a price as God's purpose. I am sorry for thy sickness, but more for the cause: for to mourn to no end is meer folly; and a pining sickness is a sign of more Passion than Patience. Christ suffer'd for thee, suffer thou for thy self; lay away thy too much melancholy; for sighing is womanish, and weeping is babish. Be wise therefore for thy self, and be good to thy self; pluck up thy Spirits, and put thy self onely upon God. Live not like a dead man, but die like a living man. Let not fortune be a Messenger of Death, nor impatience a prejudice to thy health. Take thy Horse and ride over to me, and take the time as it falls; if fair, the fewer Clothes; if foul, take a Cloak; but defer not the time, for thought pierceth apace: and for the Minde, there is no Physick but patience and mirth; bring the first with thee, and the last I will provide for thee. Till when, wishing thee out of thy solemn Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, till I see thee, always I rest,

Thine in all mine, *W. F.*

An Answer to the same.

HOw easily the healthful can give counsel to the sick, and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in case to prove: But I see Patience needs not to be perswaded; for where pain is, he will be entertained. I know there is no resisting of God's power, nor muttering against it, but yet think that the Flesh and Blood in many things hath much ado to bear it: and though Fortune be a Fiction, yet it troubleth many fine wits; and the trial of patience puts the best spirit to a hard point: Never to have had, is little woe to want; but to lose, hopeless of recovery, will sting the heart of a good mind. A sorrow is sooner taken than put off; and death is comfortable to the afflicted. Fools cannot take thought, and Knaves will not; but the honest and the careful un-

underſtand the plague of miſery: If death be this way ordained me, I cannot avoid it; and if help come unlooked for, I ſhall be glad of it: But if you will take the pains to make me try the comfort of your company, my ſelf ſhall have ſome room to entertain a Friend for ſuch a need; and knowing your love, can account no leſs. I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let me ſee you very ſhortly: if I like you ſhall know my kindneſs; if I die, you ſhall finde my love. So drawing towards a Feavers fit, I am forced thus to conclude in the ſpight of Fortune. In the grace of God I will digeſt what I can, and pray for patience for the reſt. And ſo hoping ſpeedily to ſee you, till then, and always, I reſt,

In ſickneſs and in health thine what mine, *C. B.*

A younger Brother to his elder, fallen unhappily on a little wealth, and ſuddenly grown fondly proud.

GOod Brother, as I am glad to hear of your health, ſo I am ſorry to hear of your ill carriage. It is told me by them that I can believe, that your Wealth which ſhould make you gracious, makes you in a manner odious. Why, it is wonderful, that you can ſo ſuddenly metamorphoſe your minde from wit to folly. It grieveth me to hear your deſcription of almoſt as many as know you: It is ſaid you look ober the Moon, walk as upon Stilts, ſpeak as if it were for Charity, and with a ſwelling conceit of your Wealth, make your Face like one of the four Winds. In your Apparel you are ſo womaniſh, your Ruffs ſet up in print, your Beard ſo ſtarched, and your Countenance ſo ſet, that you are more meet for a Prologue before a Comedy, than to give example to Civility: Formality is a kinde of folly, when he that walks upright like a Rabbit, is like a boy that ſhould ſay Grace. They ſay you are ſeldom without a Flower in your Mouth, I would it were fitly perfumed for the deſert of your folly. You wear your Cloak always broad, that one may ſee your Silken inſide, and your Garters beneath your Knee are ready to weep for a Roſe: All theſe notes are taken of you; and withal, that to maintain this pride, you are ſo covetous as the Devil: for as I hear, you are both an Uſurer & a Broker, and have more cunning tricks in your trade, than an honeſt heart could away withal. Truly this is not well; for your eſtate needs it not, your education doth not teach it: let me therefore entreat you to turn a new leaf, ſing a new Song; be courteous, not covetous; be kind, but not proud, and have a conſcience in all your courſes:

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for there must be an end of all your matters, and repentance will be the best payment of my ill taken accounts: Believe it, for you shall finde it at last, I wish not too late. And so out of the sincere love of a true Heart, that holds you as dear as his own life, rather desirous to tell you what I finde amiss in you, than to scorn you in what I finde grievous in you; to his grace that may amend you, with my prayers for you, I leave you.

Your true loving Brother, *R. B.*

To a fair proud Tit.

FAir Mistris, why should you turn that to a curse which was given you for a blessing? I mean your beauty, which should have made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you mar your colour with an ill countenance: and when you speak, you counterfeit such a kinde of lisping, that you cannot bring out a wise word. Your bodies are made so strait, and your Fardingale so great, that instead of a Woman, you may make Antick of your self. I am plain, but tell you the truth, I think you are best in your quotting Coat; for your tricking and your tiring takes away all your proportion, so that the Painter and the Taylor hath put Nature out of countenance. But since it is the fashion for Fools to wear a Cocks comb, let them wear Feathers that list, I will not blow them away: but as a good friend let me tell you, that tells you but for your good, be honest and be hanged, let knavery go to the Devil, stand not fearing in your door, nor devise lies to make Fools, nor use tricks to pick Pockets, for in the end it will be naught; for the Pox or the Gallows, or the Devil will be the reward of plain Treachery, if in the way you scape beggary; and therefore follow my counsel, give over betimes, before it give over you. And since I have turned my Coat, turn your old Gown, and we will joyn together, to go both in a Livery; for say the word, and I am for thee: and so till I hear from thee, I commend me to thee,

Thine if thou wilt, *D. P.*

Her Answer.

YOu wicked Villain, hast thou played the Jew so long that thou art weary of thy self, and now comest to me for a Companion? Soft Snatch, your trick is an Ace out; and of all the Cards I love not the Knave. My beauty is not for blear eyes, nor shall pretended honesty cheat my folly. Hast thou had three occupations, and none thrive? a Pedler, a Parasite, and a Pander, and now wouldest be Coney-catcher?

catcher: Sir, I have no game for your Ferret, and therefore hunt further. Now for my leers and my looks, and my tricks and my toys, if they fit not your humour, I am not for you; but for the Pox, the Gallows, and the Devil, and the Ale-house, keep you from them, and I will keep me from you; and if I thought I might trust thee, I would put thee in a Fools Paradise: but if thou art not afraid of Sparrow-blasting, come home and take a Birds-nest; which if it be better than a Wood-cock, thank the Heavens for thy good fortune, and me for my good will: and so till I see thy Livery, I leave thee to thy self.

Thine if I like, *S. L.*

A kind Sister to her loving Brother.

My dear Brother, as you know our love began almost in our Cradles, so, I pray, let it continue to our Graves. I have had a bad Husband, and you no good Wife, and yet with patience we have lived to see the strange changes of time: But we must one day walk after our friends; and therefore in the mean time let us make much of one another. Write unto me how you do in body and minde, and when I shall be so happy as to enjoy your good company: For being alone, you may be as a Husband and a Brother, to controle my Servants, comfort my self. Believe me, I long to see you, and in the mean time to hear from you: and therefore I pray you let no Messenger pass from you without some few lines of your kinde love, which are as dear as my life. This I pray you let me not fail of. And so with my hearty commendations, and most kinde love, and my daily prayers for thy health, I leave thee to the Almighty.

His Answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your loving Letter, for which I return you many kinde thanks. My body I thank God, is in good health, but my Minde somewhat out of temper; for I see three things that do much grieve me; a Fool rich, a Wise man wicked, and an Honest man poor: For the first either by prodigality wastes himself, or like a Dog in a bench-hole hoards up his Money he knows not for whom: the second turns wit to an evil course, that might compass better matters: And the third lives in grief that he cannot shew the temture of his condition. But when I consider again there

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is no Paradise, the Angels live in Heaven, and Hell is too near unto the Earth. I am glad I can fall to prayer to shun the traps of the deceitful, and since I cannot go from the course of Fates, to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You say well, we have lived to see much, & yet must die when we have seen all; you are rid of a trouble, and I well freed of a torment, yet are these crosses enough to try the care of a good conscience, in which I doubt not your Wisdom, nor shall you of my will: But as patience is a salve of my misery, so is love the joy of Nature, in which as we are nearly linked, so let us live inseparable. Shortly I hope to see you. The Lord of Heaven bless you, and his mercy keep you. So with my hearts love to you, to the Lords tuition I leave you.

Your loving Brother, *E. S.*

A young man to his first Love.

SWeet Love, since first I viewed your fair beauty, I saw none like you, nor like any but you. My reason is drawn out of many grounds, and all in your graces: for first, your beauty being such as exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to reach, and your demeanour so discreet, as drives me onely to wonder. Believe my affection to be untouched with untruth, and requite my love with some token of your good liking: For being the first Star that hath made me study Astronomy, let me not live in the clouds of your discomfort, lest in a mist of misery I fall to the lowest of Fortune. Leaving therefore my self to your favour, or my death to your frown, I rest restless till I may rest,

Yours onely in all, *W. D.*

Her Answer.

IF your Heart were in your Eyes, and your words were all truth, I should believe a strange tale of the great force of fancy; but I must entreat your pardon to pause upon my judgment of your opinion. I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish me: For though I would not be unkind, yet will I not be uncareful. Astronomy is too high a study for my capacity, and the Clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded, that the Earth cannot hold them. In brief therefore, build no castles in the air, lest they happen to fall on your neck; distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithful, nor put your life to loves passion, lest it try your patience too much. Howsoever it be, carry reason in all your courses, & your care will have the comfort, to which I wish you as much hope, as a true heart may deserve: and so not knowing your rest, will trouble you no farther, but rest as I have reason,

Yours in good will, *S. G.*

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A Traveller beyond the Seas to his Wife in *England*.

DEar Wife, the misery of my fortune is more than can easily be born, and yet the most grief is to be absent from thee and my little ones: but as a Hen to her Chickens, be kinde to them till I see thee, and pray for my success, as I do for thy health. From many dangers God hath delibered me, and I hope will after many storms send me a fair day to do me good, and a fair wind to bring me home. In the mean time I will have patience, and intreat thee the like; for love so long setled, I know cannot lose his nature: And therefore not doubting of thy constancy, I commend me to thy kindness; kiss my Babes for me, and kindly receive for thy self and them, such tokens as by this trusty Post I send thee for them. And thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greatest happiness in this world, in prayer for the same, and thee, and thine, evermore I rest.

Amsterdam, the 20 of *August*, 1678.

Thy dear loving Husband, *T. W.*

Her Answer.

SWeet-heart, let me intreat thee to be as merry as thou canst in spight of Fortune and her fury; for if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet love shall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones are daily for thee. We all long to see thee, and think it long to be so long without thee: but knowing thy intent for our good, we will have patience till thy coming, and pray for the speed of it, with good success of thy travel. The Posts haste is great, and therefore I must end: For thy kind Letters and Tokens I thank thee. Somewhat by this Bearer I have sent thee, my Notes in my Letter will tell you what, with my hearts love, which can hold nothing from you, but aboweth all I am, and have ready for you. So with my Babes kiss and my own, in prayer for thy health and hearts ease, I commit thee to the Almighty.

London, the 23 of *September*, 1678.

Thy very loving Wife, *E. W.*

A Letter admonitory to his Friend in love.

HOnest WILLIAM, I cannot but mourn for thee, to see thee in such a passion as I thought never to have taken thee in. I hear say thou art in love; is it possible to be true, that the spirit of errour could ever have taken possession of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idol, and lose thy self in a maze? Why? first the thing Love is another world than this, and hath little to do with such creatures as thou keepest company

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with. I am ſorry to hear how thou windeſt thy ſelf in ſuch a Net, that thou canſt no way get looſe. Fie upon folly, leave thy fancy, leſt it be too late, and then no man will pity thee. What? have both Eyes, and be ſtark blinde? Ears, and haſt heard nothing? Noſe, and can ſmell nothing? a Wit, and can perceive nothing? and a Heart that can feel nothing, to put thee from this new nothing, which thou haſt met with, called Love? Why? let me tell thee what it is, ſimply I cannot tell thee; but what are the qualities of it, as I have heard and read of it, I will deliver thee. It will cuckold Age, befool Youth, betray Beauty, and waſte Wealth; diſhonour Vertue, and work Villany. This kinde of love I mean, that makes thee dance Trench-more without a Pipe, it will not let one ſleep, nor eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor ſit in quiet. It will teach a Fool to flutter, a Knave to lie, a Wench to dance, and a Scholar to be a Poet, before he can hit the way of a kinde verſe. It will make a Souldier lazy, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poor, and a Poor man a Beggar. It will make a Wiſe man a Fool, and a Fool quite out of his wits. It will make a Man womaniſh, and a Woman apiſh. To be ſhort, there is ſo much ill to be ſaid of it, that he is happy that hath not to do with it. If therefore thou be not too far gone, come back again; if thou canſt leave thy Study, lay away thy Book, and think of other matters then the mouth of VENUS, leſt MARS be angry, or VULCAN play the Villain, when CUPID ſhall be whipt for ſhooting away his Arrows. In fine, give over thy humour, for it is no better than a Fancy; and live but with me but a day, & thou wilt be in hate with it all night: For the deſire is fleſhly, and the delight is filthy; the ſuit is coſtly, and the fruit of it folly: Leave Beauty to the Painter, to help him in his Art, Wit to the Scholar, to help the weakneſs of his Memory, and Wealth to the Merchant, to encreaſe his Stock, Caſes to the Lawyer, to help his Pleading, Honour to the Souldier to put forth his Valour; and ſo let thy Spirits be divided among them: and when they are all together by the ears, come thou away to me, and live with me, and credit me, thou wilt in the end thank me for dealing ſo truly and plainly with thee: In the mean time let me hear from thee, what I ſhall hope of thee; for as thou knoweſt I love thee, from my love I have written to thee what I know is good for thee, and what I wiſh may do good with thee. And till I ſee thee, in hearty prayers for thee, and like commendations to thee, to the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Thine as thou knoweſt, *J. E.*

The Anſwer.

GOod Goſe eat no more Hay; what a noiſe haſt thou made with hearing at nothing; Thou haſt heard thou knoweſt not what, and talkeſt

talkeſt thou knoweſt not how; take Wood-cock in a ſpring, and touch not me with theſe terms. Now for thy mourning, let it be for the loſs of thy wit; for I have no fear of Bad-I-will. Love (quoth he) you never knew what it is, and yet ſpeak ſo much of it; either you wrong it or your ſelf, that you no better underſtand it; or let me tell you, you are miſtaken in it. It is the light of Beauty, the bliſs of Nature, the honour of Reaſon, and the joy of Time, the comfort of Age, and the life of Youth; It is a tongue of Truth, ſtay of Wit, and the rule of Underſtanding: It is the bridle of Will, and the ſtay of Senſe: It makes a man blinde, a woman conſtant; and while Fools and Apes play at Bopeep for a Pudding, Lovers have a life they would not leave for a Mountain. Now for MARS and VENUS, they are ſtudies for School-boys; and he that feareth VULCAN, let him be whipt for CUPID. To be ſhort, thou art ſtrangely out of tune to write me ſuch a piece of Muſick; for were I but in the way, ſhall I turn back to thy Whiſtle? No, thou knoweſt not what it is, and therefore talk no more of it: For hadſt thou but once kindly had a taſte of it, thou wouldſt die ere thou wouldſt leave it: believe it, I know; and therefore for the derision of my Miſtreſs, I will take it as a dream, and be ſorry, that awake, thou hadſt no more wit than to write it. But let all unkindneſs paſs, it may be I will ſhortly ſee thee, and then make thee glad to yield to me, that thou art in a foul errour, to wiſh me to leave my Love to live with thee. But ſince I know thy kindneſs, I will bear with thy weakneſs, and in the faith of an old friend hearken to thee in another matter: And ſo wiſhing thee no more to envy ſo much againſt a matter of ſo excellent a vertue, I will leave thee for this time, and reſt always,

Thine as his own, *R. P.*

A Countrymans Letter to his beloved Sweet heart.

TRuly Sweet-heart, I am ſo out of order with my ſelf, with the extremity of love that I bare you, that my heart is even at my mouth to ſay Sweet-heart, when I think on you: And if I hear but your name, it makes me ſtart as though I ſhould ſee you; and when I look on my Handkerchief that you wrought me, I thank you, with Coventry-blue; O how I lift up my eyes to Heaven, and ſay to my ſelf, O there is a Wench in the world, well go to: but when I ſee my Jet-ring that you ſent me by my Brother WILL, I do ſo kiſs it, as if thou wert even within it. O NELL, it is not to be ſpoken that affection I bear thee: Why, I ferreted all night for the Rabbet I ſent thee, and have been in the Wood all day to ſeek a Birds neſt for thee. My Mother is making a Cheeſe cake, and ſhe hath promiſed it me for thee. Well, believe me, I love thee, and if my high Shoes come home on Saturday, I will ſee you

on Sunday, and we will drink together, that is once; for indeed I do love thee. Why my heart is never from thee; for over and besides that I think on thee all the day, so I dream of thee all the night, that our folks say in my sleep that I call thee Sweet-heart, and when I am awake and remember my dream, I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what: But it is no matter, it shall be, and that sooner than some think; for the old Crust my Father, and the old Crum my Mother will not come out with their Crowns, I care not, I am all their sons, and therefore I shall have all the Lands; and having a good Farm, we will make shift for money: And therefore Sweet-heart, (for so I will dare thee) I pray thee be of good chear, wash thy face, and put on the gloves that I gave thee; for we are full asket next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I have your Fathers good will, and you have my Mothers; if buckle and thong hold, we will load our packs together. I would have said somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, our School master was so busie with his Boys, that he would scarce write thus much for me; but farewel, and remember Sunday.

Thine own from all the world, *T. P.*

An Answer to her heart of gold and best beloved.

NOwn Love, and a kinde soul, I thank thee for thy sweet Letter a thousand times; I warrant thee it hath been read, and read over again, oftner than I have fingers and toes: Every night I get up our man into my Chamber, and there by my Bed-side he sits and reads it to me still, till I am almost asleep: but when he reads so often Sweet-heart, and I love thee, O say I, you do lie, and he swears no: and then I said I thank you LORD, no love lost, for I am no Changling: and when he comes to dream and awake, and wish, I will not tell you what I think yet, but one day I will tell you more; in the mean time be content and trust me. I have a hand in hand for thee, that shall be done before the time; and let our friends do their wills, we will not hang after their humours: No, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for ever and ever. My Mother hath stoln a whole peck of flower for a Wide-cake, and our man hath sworn he will steal a brave Rosemary-bush; and I have spoken for Ale that will make a Cat speak, and the youths of the Parish have sworn to bring the blind Fidler. Well, be of good chear, on Sunday I will be at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to have a bout with you, and till then the Sunday after, and every day after that, God be with you. Written by our man at my Bed-side at midnight, when the folks were all asleep.

An-

An angry Letter by a young Lover in the Country to his Love, *M. N.*

MARGERY, the truth is you do not use me well: what do I get by you, to lose my days work, and sit at home blowing my fingers in the cold, in hope to meet you a milking, and you send another in your room, and go to market another way? Well, if I be not your Sweetheart, much good do you with your choice: I hope my Fathers Son is worthy your Mothers Daughter. Your picking in a clout is not so good as a Plough; and for your portion, I can have your betters: but it is no matter, he is curst in his cradle that trusts any of your words: and therefore since it is as it is, let it be as it will, I will not put that at my heart that you hang at your heels. Well, to be short, take it for a warning, for I am angry; if you serve me so again, you shall serve me so no more, that is once: and therefore either be as you should, or be as you list; for I will not digest more than I can, that is the truth: Other folks see it as well as I, what a Fool you make of me; but it is no matter, I may live to meet with you: But yet, if you give over your gadding, and be ruled by your friends counsel, I can be content to forget all that is past, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And so hoping to hear better of you than some folks think of you, meaning to be at your Town the next Market-day, if thou will meet me at the Rose, we will have a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap to be merry ere we part; and so farewel.

Your friend as you use me, *M. N.*

Her Answer.

BARNABY, you are much to blame to fall out with your self for want of better company. If you are angry, turn the Buckle of thy Girdle behind you, for I know no body is in love with you. What's here to do with my Fathers Horse, and my Mothers Mare? Why, I wonder what you ail? is the Moon in the Eclipse, that you are out of temper? Now, truth it is pity a Fool cannot have a little wit, but he will spend it all in a few words. Alas, the day, it will be night by and by; and if you be so peevish to put pepper in the nose, if you can sneeze both ways, you are in no danger of death. Well, to be plain, care for your self if you will, for in truth I will take no charge of you: for if you will hold on your course, you may walk whither you will, and no body look after you: For my self, I will forget your Name and proper person, I hope there is none so mad as to be in love with you. In conclusion, come not to me till I send for you, nor look after me till I bid you. I will drink no Bottle-ale with such a bottle-nose, nor desire to come to Market to

meet

meet such a companion: And so glad to have this occasion to try your patience, the Foreman of Fools be your Woodcock-Father, and teach you better how to use your wit, if you have any. And so in as little love as I can, saving my charity, in hearty good will I leave you as I found you, and so I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, *M. N.*

To her more friendly than faithful, Mr. *Tho. Jewel.*

A Bitter sweet is a bitter Physical-potion: if I be so to your thoughts, I hope I shall purge your head of ill humours; and then faigning Fancy, that would deceive plain simplicity, will abuse neither of us: and if your flattery were not gross, in my complexion, I should have no respect of your condition; which how far it is from your protested truth, I leave to the secret confession of your little affection. Words follow thoughts at the heels, and thoughts keep the head, not the heart. Where the brain is a little troubled, it puts the wit much out of temper: and therefore wishing you to leave honour to the Noble, and service to the Wealthy, give me leave to the like of equality, and so settle my affection in discretion; which hating to disgrace the well deserving, cannot but daily favour the faithful. Distrust is a kinde of jealousie, which if I could love, I would perhaps be acquainted with; but solitariness being a sweet life, why should I see my hurt in a worse course? Yet am I not born for my self, and therefore will hearken to reason; and yet no further than to know the worth of a Jewel, before I pay too dear for the wearing of it: and therefore let this suffice you, that no Heaven being in this World, take heed of a Hell of your own making; and putting away the clouds of idle humours, look in the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to honour: to which, if my help may avail, I say Amen to such prayers as may be made in a good minde; in which, hoping you will labour to rest, I leave you to your best rest, and so I rest,

Your friend as far as not to be my own enemy, *S. P.*

A valedictory Letter to an inconstant Mistris.

I Am sorry that mine own experience should so evidently prove the verity of that common received Opinion, that Women generally are subject to inconstancy. Such was my confidence in you, and I made such politicitations to my self of your firmness, that I would have believed that a man might sooner remove the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountains out of their station, than me out of your affections. How canst thou for shame cast thine eyes upon me, whose pure and exumberant Love

thou

thou hast rewarded with such fleeting disloyalty, and love a number? a King and a Lover march together in this, they can neither of them brook a Competitor or Corrival. I will leave partnership and faction to Merchants; but where I devote my intimate love to any Mistris, I expect a reciprocal and undivided affection. But as you have undeservedly alienated your affection, and extinguished that love, I thought nothing but death should have ended; so will I justly abandon your service, and here cease to write, or love any more.

And rest a stranger, *A. B.*

An amorous Letter to a most fair Creature.

THough the Age be past, which drew her glorious stile from gold, yet never was any richer in perfections than this present Age wherein we live. Nature in former times did glory when she had wrought that matchless mould of HELENA; since her more skilful hands have produced your self as the Master piece of her most absolute workmanship. But would I had as just cause to commend your kindness, as I have to write these Encomiums of your feature, which truly was not born to live and die to it self, but for to be enjoyed: and the praise of every good thing, and particularly in beauty, lies in its communion and participation unto others. O therefore remove not your favour from me your most faithful servant, who can no more sustain my self in the want of your kindness, than the Earth can remain fruitful in the Suns continual absence. Weak words are not able to comprehend the immensity of my love, which leaveth to the consideration of your rash judgement, in hope of your sole comfort, to whom the endeavour of my self, and the constancy of my faith are eternally devoted, I rest,

In the depth of true affection, *R. S.*

A Letter gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman.

Good Mistris,

THis posting Messenger (yet not so expeditious as the winged PEGASUS) relinquishing in all haste this our Town of Lincoln, to transport himself to your famous City of London, the Center of Great Britain, I could not let pass so fit an opportunity, to declare unto you how much the remembrance of your by past kindness hath bound me, to wish you the highest degree of all terrestrial happiness. But looking at your favours with a renumerating desire, I finde the number of them so great, and the greatness so hard to be expressed, much more to be recompenced, that like a banquished man I am fain to yield and succumb

under

under the burthen of many arrearages: onely at this present, like an humble Supplicant, I came to beg of you (the Mother of opportunity) some more time, until by the smiles of Fortune, and the diligence of my indefatigable endeavours I be enabled to make requital: but hoping that thus much may perswade you that I have not buried you in the pit of oblition, I conclude and rest as I am bounden,

Yours ever to be commanded, *I. N.*

A Love-Letter.

THe Beauty which Nature hath so lavishly imparted upon you (absolute Mistris) makes her play the Bankrupt with most of the world besides: at the discovery whereof, as my eyes have oftentimes stood at gaze, so is my minde altogether captivated to do homage to your perfections; and therefore hoping that in your employments my future merits shall weigh down this my essence of presumption, I have taken the humble boldness to let you understand, how ready I am to perform you any service that possibility shall enable me unto, whose love is the bounds and utmost end of my ambitious desires; desiring the attainment whereof, as the comfortable harvest of my careful pains, I rest,

Yours in the infringible bonds of affection, *J. N.*

FINIS.